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CHARLES AND LOUIS AT STRASBURG.

## DISSOLUTION OF THE EMPIRE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

IT has become almost a trite saying, that "History repeats itself." Yet it would be difficult for us to express in words fewer or more accurate the constant recurrence of certain events in the annals of the world from the earliest ages. Nor is this strange. Men of all times differ not so much in their personality as in their surroundings; and while their deeds

externally may be known by various names, the same spirit, in all climes and cycles, will stamp a great proportion of them with internal marks exceedingly similar. So one of the most profitable lessons that history can teach is, that certain causes invariably produce certain effects.

Reviewing rapidly the accounts given us of all nations, one of the most striking facts that we notice is, that whenever any great warrior extended his dominion very widely beyond his inherited territory,

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his successors were not only unable to build upon what he had established, and advance their authority still further, but they could not even sustain the power which he had acquired. This is as true alike of David, Darius, Alexander, Cæsar, Constantine, Mohammed, Tamerlane and Napoleon, as of Charlemagne, and it is no less true of leaders whose conquests were more limited. There may be many reasons for this, and their investigation would doubtless prove interesting; but perhaps the great one is, the design of Providence to teach all nations that wars and fightings, as such, are not ordained of Him; that victories gained by cruelty and bloodshed are too dearly bought, and end in nothing, and that in His hand the natural tendency of all things is for the overcoming of all grasping, inordinate ambitions, and the universal reign of peace.

And yet, with our limited knowledge, it is not for us to say that all of the remarkable occurrences in which these great names appear should not have taken place. Perhaps, transpiring just as they did, they were the world's salvation from something far worse. Certainly, we may believe that many of these illustrious ones acted as seemed to them the best, and thereby served vastly important, noble ends, even though far different from those which they had in view.

Notably is this the case with Charlemagne. On succeeding his father, Pepin, the first of the Carolingian dynasty, to the throne of the Franks, in 768, his great desires were to extend his domain and propagate Christianity. Quelling first internal rebellions, he then advanced, in 772, against the pagan Saxons, who occupied the coast of Northern Germany, and waged war with them for thirty-two years, with scarce any interruptions, at the end of which time he subdued their famous chieftain, Witikind, little less a hero than Charlemagne himself. The immediate result of this victory was that all the Saxon tribes, headed by their king, embraced Christianity, and set themselves to acquire the arts of civilization as then known, acknowledging the supremacy of the great Charles. Meanwhile, upon the south, he had found an enemy in Didier, or Desiderius, King of Lombardy, whom he however conquered in 774. The deposed monarch retired into a cloister, and Charlemagne, assuming the Iron Crown of the Lombards, was King of Italy. Spain next became his; and before the close of the century his empire extended over nearly all of the European continent, from the Atlantic Ocean to the borders of the Eastern Empire. So that, virtually, the King of the Franks was master of the greater portion of what had been the Western Roman Empire, and on Christmas day, 800, in the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome, he was publicly crowned, and proclaimed emperor and Cæsar.

Thus had he attained every object of his ambition. He had, after an interruption of nearly three centuries, revived the Empire of the West, and had planted Christianity wherever his conquering arms had come. Thenceforth he devoted his life to dis-

persing justice, adorning cities and encouraging literature. With all his faults, which were not few, he may be justly considered as great alike in the camp and the capital. After a period of illustrious peace, succeeding his years of successful war, he died in 814.

But it was scarce possible that so vast an empire, combining so many different elements—the Franks, descended from the Northern conquerors; the Lombards, themselves springing from other Northern invaders; and the subjugated posterity of the ancient Romans, mingled with the lately reduced semi-barbarians of many tribes, Saxons, Teutons, Moors and Hungarians, all with their widely different temperaments, and affections, and superstitions, and with the characteristic middle-age passion for war, common to them all—could long exist as its founder had left it. Whether this reason and outgrowing ones alone were sufficient for its destruction, or whether, above them all, was some providential design in their ordering or not, we cannot tell. We see, however, another illustration of the fact which we have considered—that the work of a great conqueror, as conquest, seldom survives him long. It was not a great while after the death of Charlemagne before these turbulent elements, held no more in check by his strong sway, began to show their unsettling power, playing directly into the hands of his descendants, in their work of confusion and civil war.

Charlemagne was succeeded by his son, Louis the Debonnaire, who was distinguished above all things for his uprightness and purity of character, and his sincere desire for the welfare of his people, but who, at the same time, was remarkably deficient in mental vigor. The first acts of his reign were a series of attempts to improve the morals of his people, followed, in 817, by a proceeding so momentous as to be, whether he knew it or not, one of the most important events in modern history, for by it he directly opened the way for the dissolution of the empire, and the far-reaching consequences which followed it. Louis called at Aix-la-Chapelle a general assembly, and to them he declared that, while he desired, like his father, to preserve the unity of the realm, he was resolved to share the throne with his eldest son, Lothaire, now aged nineteen. Lothaire was then solemnly crowned emperor, and each of his younger brothers—Pepin, aged eleven, and Louis, eight—king, the former of the provinces of Aquitaine and Burgundy, with other portions of South-western France; the latter of a part of Southern and Eastern Germany, both to be under the dominion of Lothaire, who should actually possess the remainder of Gaul and Germany, with the kingdom of Italy, and who should succeed his father as emperor.

Troubles soon came, thick and fast, upon Louis the Debonnaire. Serious intestine revolts of petty kings and chieftains, in different parts of his dominions, harassed him for a long time. Then followed the untimely death of his beloved Empress Hermengarde. In his great sorrow, he made preparations to abdicate and turn monk. But he was dissuaded from

his purpose, and advised to marry again, and his choice, a most unfortunate one, fell upon Judith of Bavaria, a woman who was very beautiful and very pleasing, but exceedingly ambitious and unscrupulous, and who brought little else than misery to her husband and his three sons. On the birth of a fourth son, Charles, known in history as Charles the Bold, in 823, great mistrust and jealousy broke out among the three young kings, who feared, only too surely, the influence of Judith upon their father. In 829, yielding to her entreaties, he revoked the solemn act by which he had shared his possessions among his sons, and took away some of the territory he had assigned them, and gave it to Charles. Thereupon the three elder sons revolted, and speedily found followers. Meanwhile, a conspiracy had been growing up against the emperor and the empress, with her son, in which many prominent nobles and ecclesiastics joined. Seizing the auspicious moment, when Lothaire, Pepin and Louis were in open rebellion, the conspirators immured Judith in a convent, and commanded Louis to deliver himself in person, annul his gifts to Charles, renew his obligations to his three elder sons, and resign his throne and title to Lothaire. All these he did. But there was afterward a reaction in his favor. A contempt for his weakness gave way to a general feeling of pity for his misfortunes, and Lothaire's two brothers, jealous of his elevation, made overtures to their father. The assembly met again, and revoked their former acts, and restored Louis the Debonnaire to the imperial dignity. But soon Pepin arose in insurrection. Louis fought him, and once more gave part of his dominions to Charles the Bold. Again the three brothers made an alliance and raised an army against their father, who marched to meet them. They called upon him to leave Judith and Charles, and put himself under the guardianship of his elder sons. He refused, and prepared to give them battle. But so many of his followers deserted him, that he was obliged to surrender himself to his sons. They received him with the greatest respect, but nevertheless, Lothaire was proclaimed emperor. Three months later, Louis was formally deposed, and he immediately assumed the garb of a penitent.

For the next six years, the empire was a scene of constant confusion and violence, with plots and rivalries among the three brothers. At length, popular feeling revived in favor of Louis, and the fascinating Judith lost no opportunity of increasing it. For the third time, Louis was put in possession of the throne of his father, and as before, he showed himself weak and irresolute. In 838, his second son, Pepin, died. Louis called an assembly at Worms, the next year, at which he made another division of his realm, giving the eastern portion to Louis the Germanic, and dividing the remainder into two equal parts between Lothaire and Charles. This time it was Louis who took up arms. His father prepared for war, and advanced toward the Rhine, but he caught a violent fever, and died at the castle of Ingelheim, June 20th, 840. Scarcely was he dead, when Lothaire united his forces with his nephew, Pepin II, son

of his deceased brother, to oppose Charles, who was not long in discovering the plot formed against him and his mother. Having provided for her safety, he immediately made a compact with his other brother, Louis the Germanic, who was no less in danger from Lothaire's ambition. On the 21st of June, 841, just a year after the death of Louis the Debonnaire, the army of Lothaire and Pepin met that of Charles and Louis at Fontenailles. The battle began on the 25th of June, at daybreak, and was at first in favor of Lothaire, but the troops of Charles the Bold recovered the advantage which had been lost by Louis. This action is one which has seldom been surpassed in the great number of men engaged, or in the terrible slaughter. By noon, the victory of Charles and Louis was complete—little was to be seen upon the field but undistinguishable heaps of the slain.

In spite of this dreadful repulse, Lothaire made vigorous efforts to continue the struggle. Seven months after their victory at Fontenailles, Charles and Louis, with their armies, repaired to Strasburg, and in an open air meeting, called on the chieftains to support them, and in the presence of all, each made a solemn vow to sustain the other, followed in this by every man in their ranks, individually. The day was passed in brilliant military evolutions. Strong as their organization was, however, a few months convinced them that they could scarce expect to destroy the power of their opponent—when Charles and Louis received from Lothaire peaceful proposals which they did not feel disposed to reject. A year later, August, 843, all agreed, by the treaty of Verdun, that the Frankish empire should be divided into three equal portions among the three brothers, as separate and distinct nations, Louis taking the eastern, Lothaire, the middle, and Charles, the western.

Charlemagne intended to restore the Western Roman Empire, and make it one vast realm in which should flourish learning and Christianity. In this he failed. And yet, scarce to any other human being who ever lived does modern civilization owe so much. While his vigor was upholding the unity of so wide a territory, the justice of the laws which he laid down, the grandeur of the edifices which he reared, the power spreading from the schools and churches which he had founded, were sowing all over this vast area the seeds of that security of personal property, that interest in the arts of peace, that softening influence of knowledge and religion, that were to subdue ancient barbarism, and raise Europe to her subsequent greatness. And no inferior a result of his deeds of valor, though probably the very least he expected, and perhaps not brought about in the wisest manner, was the falling asunder of this weighty sovereignty, giving us modern France, Germany and Italy, consolidating their many tribes, with their multitudinous tongues, at last, into three great races, each with its own language, tastes and tendencies, and each exercising a distinctive, mighty influence upon the destinies of the whole world.

H.

## THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS.

IN the genesis of Creation, a beautiful Eden was the scene of Heaven-ordained slumber. Into this paradise, yet unlost, came Satan,

"—close at the ear of Eve,  
Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams."

The wondrous sleep-visions of holy history weave their spells of impression upon the imagination with a power surpassing the utmost art of romance or legend. The mystic ladder of Bethel, with its promise and prophecy of blessing—a symbol of mediation. King Pharaoh's dream of the kine, and its marvelous translation, "that the land might not perish through famine." Scriptural biography paints through inspiration many sublime scenes in the literature of dreams. Daniel, the divinely appointed interpreter of mysteries, and Isaiah, prince of prophets.

We sleep, perchance we dream; but "when and how, and by what wonderful degrees, each separates from each, and every sense and object of the mind resumes its usual form and lives again, no man—though every man is every day the casket of this type of the great mystery—can tell."

Locke was of the opinion that we do not always think when asleep; Plato, that consciousness continues uninterrupted. Leibnitz rejects Locke's theory of slumber, and Kant maintains that we always dream when asleep. A dream is so common, and yet so marvelous, that philosophers and psychologists strive in vain to fathom its mystery. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," contains many vivid incidents in the literature of dreams. The conversion of Constantine; the reverence and fear felt throughout the Roman world for the *Labarum*, or consecrated banner; the mystery of its monogram and cross. It is affirmed that the night which preceded the last battle against Maxentius, the Emperor Constantine was admonished in a dream to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the *celestial sign of God*, the sacred monogram of the name of Christ; that he executed the commands of Heaven, and his valor and obedience were rewarded by a decisive victory.

The preternatural origin of dreams was universally admitted by the nations of antiquity; and a superstition, amounting to faith, in signs, visions and omens.

The mythological literature of dreams is of unique and classic interest. Its symbolic figures are found on antique gems, engraved medals, monuments and sarcophagi. Sleep and death as twin brothers, guarded by Morpheus, god of dreams, who is variously represented—sometimes as a boy with wings; again, as a man advanced in years, who can assume any shape at pleasure; presenting dreams to those who sleep; the false, passing through a gate of ivory; the true, through one of transparent horn.

On the subject of dreams, ancient and modern research, medical science and psychology amount to little more than metaphysical speculation. We

know that, for a time, the body is under bondage to a trance-like state of existence, while the mind, like a

"Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,"

wanders through space illimitable.

Few enlightened people know to what extent superstitious minds are influenced by dreams. Credulous maidens partake of indigestible compounds in the vain hope that the visions of All Halloween may reveal conjugal destiny. For the benefit of such, we transcribe: "She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she will be married, will grate and mix a walnut, a hazlenut and a nutmeg. Mix them with butter and sugar into pills, and swallow them before going to bed. If her fortune is to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be full of golden dreams. If a traveler, then will thunder and lightning disturb her." Again, there is the lemon-peel, dream-producing charm, said to be infallible: "Carry two lemons all day in the pocket, and at night rub the four posts of the bed with them. The future spouse appears in sleep and presents the dreaming girl with two lemons. If he does not come, there is 'no hope!'"

The camera of sleep reflects from real occurrence many a quaint and curious caricature.

A professor of rhetoric once related to his class (of which several pupils had seriously annoyed him by refusing to recognize the importance of correct punctuation) a curious dream of the previous night. A huge sentence—minus punctuation—seemed to be flying through the air, while his vain attempts to arrest its progress were greeted with hilarious applause. Possibly, when it reached the proper zenith of reflection, some terrified star-gazer discovered a comet.

Whittier's "Dream of Pio Nono," gives a hint of the popular supposition in regard to the origin of dreams:

"Thereat the Pontiff woke,  
Trembling and muttering o'er his fearful dream.  
'What means he?' cried the Bourbon. 'Nothing more  
Than that your majesty hath all too well  
Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,  
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,'  
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile."

Leigh Hunt becomes classically facetious on the subject of indigestion as the cause of dreams. "It shall make an epicure of any vivacity, act as many parts as a tragedian 'for one night only.' The inspirations of veal, in particular, are accounted extremely Delphic. Italian pickles partake of the same spirit as Dante; and a butter-boat should contain as many ghosts as Charons."

It is only upon this hypothesis that we can account for some of the extraordinary statements contained in the Rev. Samuel Peters's "History of Connecticut." He must have been an epicure and a dreamer! His account of Billows Falls and the Connecticut Blue Laws, must have been produced in a highly intoxicated state of the imagination.



The most recent associations occur the most frequently in our dreams. Grandfather Trent murmurs of the gold that shall make Nelly a lady; while she hears heavenly harmonies, and is beckoned by angel visions. Lady Macbeth, in unrestful slumber, strives to cleanse her hand from its mortal stain; the babe smiles in its sleep, in conference with angels.

Volumes might be compiled from the dreams recorded in literature. Poetry, history and romance have been embellished by their imagery; artists have wrought on easel and in image the sublime conceptions of a dream.

"Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him;  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He carved that dream on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision;  
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,  
He had caught that angel vision!"

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our lives uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life-dream passes o'er us.  
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision!"

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

### OTHER PEOPLE.

THE weightiest of life's burdens is—other people. We have to live among them, talk with them, listen to them, bear with them—all these other people. They lay upon our shoulders, they crowd upon our back, they thrust their fingers into our half-healed wounds, they pull off the bandage to see how the sore is getting along, they drag us to the right when we desire to go to the left, they push us forward when he want to stand still, they are always in our way, and we cannot take a step without treading on the toes of—other people!

No matter who or what they are, how simple, how refined, they are not bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; their thoughts may be better, higher than our own, but they are alien thoughts, we cannot abide them. Just in the degree that they may be more or less sensitive than we do they jar upon our sensibilities. Whether their minds stand higher or lower than our own, it is a step up or down to reach them. A straining of the arms upward or a bending of the back downward to lay hold upon them. In this is the wearisomeness of life, that we live with—other people.

The atmosphere in which they delight is dreadful to us; either an oppressive, murky cloud that weighs us down, or an exhaustive vacuum that draws us up. Our own atmosphere only is to us delightful, our own plane only the easy and agreeable level, our own ideas only consistent, our own nature to the right

degree sensitive or insensible. Yet in all these things do we differ from our neighbors, in all these things are we to them—also other people.

What can be done about that? We are to be borne with. Our presence must be endured. We cannot, if we would, immolate ourselves to please everybody else; nor is it desirable that everybody else should die to please us. No, we must all continue living, and we must continue to live all together. Well, then, look here; suppose we try to make *ourselves*, so far as possible, endurable. Let us remember what an onerous burden our opinions are to all those around, and endeavor to lighten that burden as much as possible. Let us remember what a blight lies in our contrary atmosphere when brought in contact with our neighbor's brilliant noontide. His noontide parches us, we gasp for breath! Let us remember that we are freezing him. Let us mitigate our midnight with an admixture of his heat and light. As when two clouds meet in mid-heaven, the one gladly parts with a portion of its electricity, which the other as gladly receives; and so all nature is equalized, and the whole earth refreshed. There are on this earth some such electric natures, ready to give to all who ask, who "turn not away" from those timid souls who "would borrow," but dare not "ask." They are never—other people.

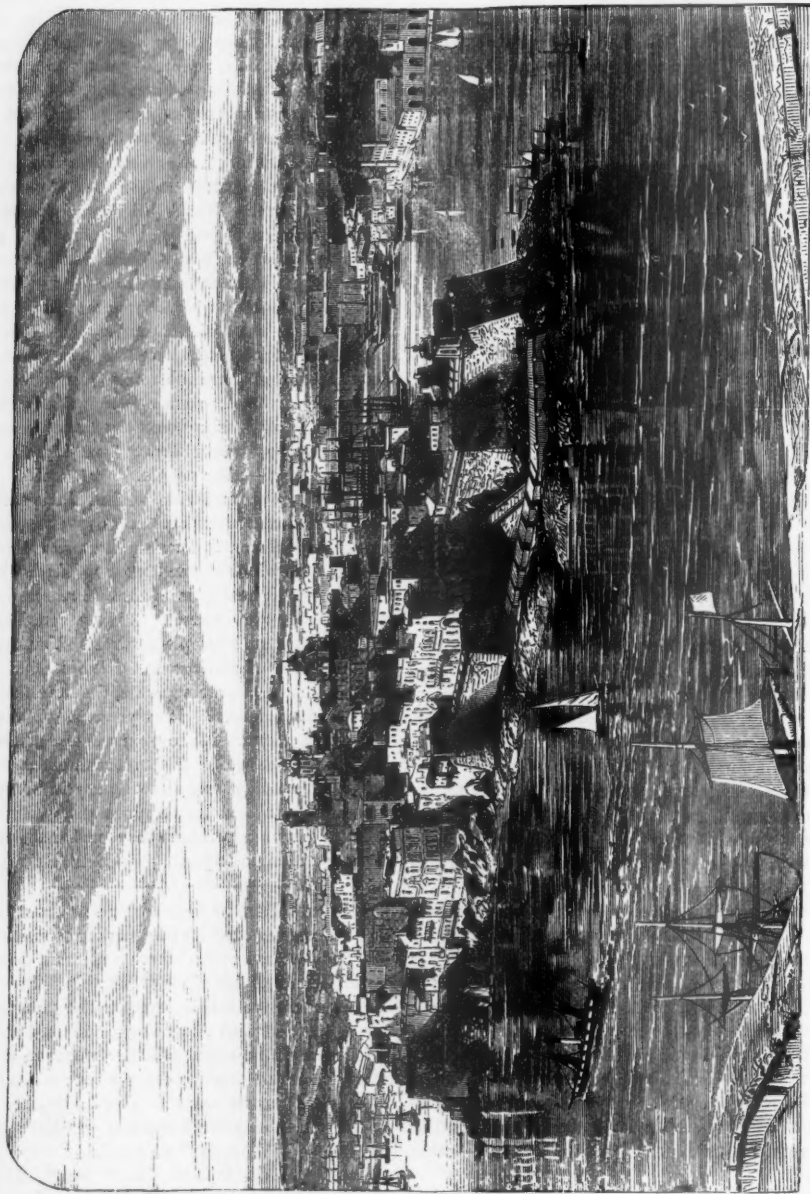
They climb up and ride behind Jack a Norey's hobby, and declare his paces excellent; they clamber to the top of Simon Stylites's pillar, and admire the prospect; they look through your cracked telescope, or your near-sighted glasses that have lost one eye, and find your view correct. Ah, say you, if I could only live with such people forever! You can; this desire is easy of attainment. Who is that person from whom you never separate, the one that clings faster than a brother? It is yourself. Make yourself such a person. Make yourself one of those delightful natures which find something agreeable in every man's hobby, some new beauty in every man's view, and you will at least not be a stranger and alien to other people; perhaps they will no longer be stranger and alien to you. E. E. BREWSTER.

NEEDFUL HINT.—A minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them: "Now I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of the debt; what answer am I to give? Brother so-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have given all you can?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, until the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in going to London on any such unpleasant excursion.

## MALTA.

OF all the famous islands of the Mediterranean, perhaps the one most worthy of extended notice is Malta, curious in structure, wonderful in fertility and renowned in history. This island, about

from remote antiquity, one of the garden spots of the world. Its earliest colonists, undaunted by its frowning sterility, brought, with infinite labor, numberless cargoes of earth from Syracuse, and so formed upon the adamant surface a soil in which flourish, in luxuriance, the rose, the grape, the olive, the fig and the



ISLAND OF MALTA.

sixty miles in circumference, was originally one immense mass of bare, limestone rocks. But so restless, so conquering is the force of man's ingenuity, that, in spite of its being apparently, by its very nature, made forever unfit for human habitation, it has been,

orange, while the grain and cotton reach here a perfection scarce surpassed elsewhere. It may thus be perceived that the victory over nature, gained by unexampled industry, has never been lost by any relaxation of vigilance. This is indeed the case, for

every foot of land is cultivated with the most assiduous care, and, from the time of the first inhabitants, the custom has been to renew the soil every ten years, and remove the incrustations of lime, which, slowly and surely forming, would destroy its productive power if suffered to remain. And this warfare against barrenness has been assisted immeasurably by the climate; for, under a soft, genial sky, and the tempering influence of mild sea-breezes, cold, and frost, and heat and drought are alike unknown, and over all hangs the atmosphere of a perpetual spring.

Malta, as might be expected from its advantageous position in a commercial point of view, was first settled from Phœnicia, the earliest and greatest maritime nation of ancient times. Accordingly we find a record of such occupation, about 1400, B. C. Subsequently colonists from Greece established themselves in the island. As time passed on, one other of Tyre's offshoots was increasing prodigiously in wealth and might. So, four hundred years before the Christian era, Melita, as it was then called, strongly fortified, was one of the chief bulwarks of Carthaginian power in the Mediterranean. So it remained until the end of the second Punic War, when it fell into the hands of the Romans, 216, B. C.

After this, for an interval, the history of Malta is merged in that of its imperial mistress, held in enforced peace by military despotism during her supremacy, and succumbing, at last, with other provinces, to the strength of ruthless invaders. First the Goths, and then the Saracens, were its masters. Of the effects of these conquests, those of the latter were the most lasting, for they put to the sword, or sold into slavery, the majority of the existing population, and re-colonized the island with Arabs. The present inhabitants are descendants of these, mingled with modern Italians and Greeks. Their dialect is a mixture of the language of the former with Arabic.

When Mussulman rule at length gave way, Malta continued subject to the crown of Sicily from 1190 to 1525, A. D., when the Emperor Charles V, gave it to the Knights of St. John. These knights had been driven by the Turks from their possessions in Cyprus, Rhodes and Crete, and their acceptance of this territory was conditional upon their promise to wage perpetual war against the infidels, and exterminate the Arabian pirates from the Mediterranean. The name of the ancient city, Il Borgo, was changed to La Valetta, after the Grand Master, John de la Valette, who made it his abode. It, and every accessible point were fortified so highly, as to render the island well-nigh impregnable. So secured, the chivalrous possessors felt prepared to bid eternal defiance to all invaders.

But the upholders of the Crescent were not anxious to allow so formidable an opposer grow in power. Accordingly, Solyman the Magnificent made ready for an overwhelming onslaught, with a fleet of no less than two hundred sail, carrying a force of forty thousand men; and in the middle of May, 1565, the

Turkish fleet appeared before La Valetta. So invincible they seemed, that many of the knights, brave as they were, professed themselves unable to sustain an attack. But, even when the Saracens had nearly broken through the mighty fortifications, never would the Grand Master allow his courage to be shaken. With such a degree of confidence did he inspire his men, that notwithstanding a series of severe, and on the part of the Christians, almost hopeless contests, continued until the beginning of September, the arms of the Moslems were completely shattered, and the Order remained secure in possession. This signal victory, after so long and fierce a conflict, was considered one of the most splendid achievements of the sixteenth century. Not only was it noteworthy for being gained by prodigies of valor, but it stayed the westward progress of Islamism, securing Christian nations against infidel disturbers.

From this time forward, Malta remained under the peaceful sway of the knights, the Christianized people living in prosperity under their administration, until the Fraternity, having done its work, began to decay, dying out finally in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Then followed a period of weakness, when the Turks were only prevented from reducing the inhabitants to starvation by the interposition of France. In 1798, the island was conquered by Napoleon, and in 1800, it was taken by England, to whom it was confirmed by the treaty of Paris, in 1814.

La Valetta now occupies the position of one of the principal British ports in the Mediterranean. It is a handsome city, having wide streets paved with lava, and displaying a splendid collection of palaces, churches and picturesque houses, built in terraces, one above the other, up to the rocky summit. It contains some very fine edifices, among them the Grand Master's Palace, now the residence of the British governor, the cathedral, the hospital and the immense admiralty. The town is defended by the mighty fortresses of St. Elmo, St. Angelo, Manuel and Tigne, with intermediate connecting works of massive proportions. Dark war-ships, and the vessels of all nations; a fair and smiling country; and spread round the deep, blue waters of the midland sea, all form a fitting frame to a most attractive picture. M—.

GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.—A story is told of a lady, who on going up to her bed-room at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare;" and leaving the candle burning and the door open, she went downstairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!



## A MEMORY OF SUMMER.

OW precious the memory of that fair summer morning! How its sweetness lingers with me yet, never to be lost! For on that day of all days I was greater than a crowned king—on that day I reached the summit of my earthly happiness! Homely and gray are the earlier leaves of my life's book—dark and blurred many of the later; but fair as an oasis in a desert is that day, one page between; white as the spotless snow its delicate texture; brilliant as sunrise crimsoning them its rare illuminations; gorgeous and life-giving as the rays of the noonday orb its wondrous letters of gold.

As I stood at the cottage door on that early morn, and gazed past the scarlet wilderness of lawless roses and silvery standards of fairy lilies; across the bowery privet hedges, intertwined with censer-breathed woodbines and velvety-belled morning-glories; through the young-fruited orchard, and down the green lane, until my view was shut off by the gently rising hills around our modest dwelling, all robed in a pure, clear, airy veil, mingled with liquid gold, I thought, Surely, a day so rare as this seems a special benediction from Heaven, ready to gladden all upon whom its light may shine. I wonder what great blessing it has for me? Ah, little did I then think that it would bring to me my only, my last and my best.

But in this work-day world, though we may drink in transcendent beauty oftentimes by the way, it is not permitted to us that we stand still, our only care being to receive and enjoy. So that even on a morning like





this, it was necessary that I should go my usual round. And over the hillside path, winding along where the glowing flood from the fleece-flecked, azure sky set the rock-masses and cedar clumps aflame; down into the shaded valley, in which a fern-fringed rivulet sprang over sparkling stones, then spread out in a broad, reed-rimmed, lily-dotted pool, reflecting the glittering gleams poured down abundantly, its surface dancing in myriads of tiny diamonds; past the cool retreat in which the cattle, black, white and brindled, were enjoying, in their way, the fair season; on, where, from the deep, billowy tree-tops rose the white church tower; further, by many homes, nestling in sheltering green—until, at last, through the amethystine curtains covering the dark, solemn woods, I emerged into the deep, impressive stillness. For I was a poor mechanic, and this was my accustomed walk to the place of my daily labor.

Yes, that was all—only a poor mechanic. And as I left the glory of the sunshine, and entered into the gloom of the forest, somehow, with a sudden thrill of pain, it came to me more than ever what I was. Not that I had any feeling of false pride at the name, not that I thought myself any the less a man because my lot was that of a humble toiler; but with it came a sense of my own personal deficiencies, mingled with the overpowering thought that, at this late day, my opportunities for improvement would be few. I must, whatever came, keep a roof over my poor mother's head. And the cottage in which she and I lived was almost my own. Some day it might need a young mistress. But, ah, could I ever hope to install beautiful Bertha there? Alas, never, I thought, unless I could gain those very same advantages which seemed beyond me.

Many a sturdy, rosy lass, who knew naught of fatigue, and dreamed naught of grace, might have kept clean my narrow rooms and been content with my scanty hoard. But I remembered beautiful Bertha's slender frame and lily fingers, her tasteful dresses and dainty ways. And as I mentally surveyed the bare walls and painted floors of my lowly abode, I turned sick at heart. My mother had heard from a servant of one of Miss Bertha's friends that where she moved all was beautiful with music, and books, and flowers, and pictures. The birds whose chorus I was only half hearing were, I knew, no more unconscious of the height of their native element than was she; yet this knowledge comes to the bird caged, and so it would to her, were the pinions of her mental and æsthetic powers, perforce, folded.

Could I not save her from this? Could I not say to her that she might make of my humble home a perfect bower of beauty—that she might be free to reign in it as a queen, of a realm no less complete because it was small? But, like the weight of a millstone fell upon me a crushing sense of myself—my face was so homely, my hands so rough, my movements so awkward, my speech so blundering, my knowledge so crude! Clearly, she was not for me.

Yet, in one way, she was poorer than I. She knew

what it was to toil as well as I did. She had nothing of the world's goods beyond what she could earn by her fairy pencil and her seraph voice. And I believed overwork and anxiety were telling on her. How I longed to shield her from all this! And, with a great leap of my heart, hope revived, as I thought that the meanest place were better than glittering uncertainty; the lowliest love better than splendid loneliness.

A turn in the path brought me into an open space, and suddenly I caught the shimmer of a white dress. Every nerve quivered, every pulse throbbed, and a great, trembling weakness took possession of me. For beautiful Bertha herself was coming!

Fairer than ever she looked in her cloud-like array, scarce whiter than her pure, colorless face, her delicate blue ribbons matching her wondrous, forget-me-not eyes. The deep black of her perfect, arched eyebrows threw out in more striking contrast the transparent radiancy of her skin and the exquisite carnation of her lips, while, from under the broad brim of her hat waved her soft, midnight hair. At every parting of the branches, every rustle of the grasses, every sound of her light footsteps, I felt myself growing more nearly powerless. And supporting myself against the trunk of a tree, I waited for the on-coming of fate.

She saw me. "Good-morning, Stephen," she said, as she would have spoken to any man who had ever worked about her father's place. And yet I thought I detected in her tones far more of a friendly feeling than she would have exhibited in addressing Will Jones or Jack Wilson.

For an instant I was overwhelmed at the music of that lute-like voice, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Oh, it must have been so in the olden days when angels talked with men! Poor hearts! What for them but to fall prostrate in the dust and worship!

"Miss Bertha," I faltered. That was all. There was no need of more. Whether I meant it or not, my whole soul, in one mighty volume, had gone out in those two words. She started and trembled, like the yellow beams which poured down through the branches and danced in her hair. She knew all.

I do not know what I said then. I think I took one of those little, dove-like hands, and gazed down into those wondrous, heavenly blue eyes. But I do know that she smiled like the opening morn; so rare, so lovely was that smile, that it seemed to darken the sunshine, and with its own light illuminate the whole space around us; and I do know that a blush, rich as the crimson banners of evening, swept over her pearly neck, and cheek, and brow. And I dared to believe that she loved me. Suddenly, with that, came again a vision of this fairy presence in contrast with my uncouth manners, my coarse garb, my poor house. It was more than I could bear. And just as suddenly I turned and fled from her.

Pity all ye who have loved and suffered not. Pity all ye to whom loving brings all fullness of being, and whom it wakes not, only to inspire a bitter sense of

unworthiness, a thought of a supreme height which cannot be attained, and a course of action so weak, so childish, that, were it not sanctified by its sublime cause, it were deserving of derision.

All day long the memory of that smile and that blush filled me with a joy unearthly, quickly followed, however, by a self-loathing that I had been so presumptuous as to allow that beauteous being to know that I regarded her at all, save as a glow-worm might gaze at a star. And all night long the conflict between rapture and despair continued, becoming intensified as the long hours wore on.

The sun had hardly risen, before a neighbor's rap sounded on the door. Would my mother come? They were in great distress over the hills—and Miss Bertha—was dead.

It was a long time before I knew all. But she had really been called home, after an illness of only two hours.

Many years have passed since then. I am no longer what the world calls only a poor mechanic. My patent was a success. And now an immense manufactory, a palatial city residence, and a fair country domain, with long rows of tenements and accumulated thousands, are among my earthly possessions. I will not say that I am unhappy, for I have conscientiously tried to make the best possible of myself, and I have endeavored to do all the good in my power. But prized far beyond my material wealth, dearer than any stores of human learning which I have gathered, sweeter even than the gratitude of countless widows and orphans, is the precious thought of how, on that summer day so long ago, beautiful Bertha looked into my face and smiled.

Often now, on a rare morning like that one of old, when the liquid light ripples through the blue haze; when the roses glow reddest and the lilies pale whitest; when the breath of the woodbine is heaviest and the velvet bells of the morning-glory hang low; when the glow from the skies bathes in gold rock-moss and cedar-clump, dances in diamonds on the bosom of the lakelet, and falls in yellow showers through the matted branches overhead—come to me, real as though still in the living present, the sweet grace of her blue eyes, the soft touch of her tiny hand, and the netted sunbeams trembling in her dark, waving hair.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE sweetness and tenderness of youth need not depart with its beauty. We are not compelled to grow hard and cold, to take stern views of life, and refuse to believe in anything beautiful, because this is the rôle set down for middle-aged and elderly people. Those who keep their sweetness, who hold fast the tenderness of their souls and have ardent friendships, are young still, whatever the years that have passed over their heads.

NO GREAT man or woman has ever been reared to great usefulness and lasting distinction who was unschooled by adversity. Noble deeds are never done in the calm sunshine of summer light.

## HEARTS OVERWORKED.

NO organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train, and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than ever was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives, and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a "sinking" or "emptiness," as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be "put upon," as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high-pressure is employed. Hence, young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. These precocious coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. In a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school-room some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a champion rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and for rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained, the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results."

The symptoms of failure of the heart from overwork are unusual restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste,

become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a working-man as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting fillip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table-knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even if it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common avocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at the moment as clear to him as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar; or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall. "When we sit writing, or reading or working by gas-light, and the gas suddenly goes down and flickers, we say, 'The pressure is off at the main.' Just so in a man who in declining health suddenly loses consciousness, when his mind flickers: then in his organism, the pressure is off at the main; that is, the column of blood which should be persistently passing from his heart to his brain is for the moment not traveling with its due force, to vitalize and illuminate the intellectual chamber."

But indeed it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety, that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than attempt at complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work, unless its activity be diverted into some new channel." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train-haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion; and first of anger. A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels; and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr. Richardson in the case of a member of his own profession. "This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over, there were hours of sorrow and regret in private, which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short severe madness, he suddenly

felt, to use his own expression, as if his 'heart were lost.' He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist, and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock; and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. 'I am broken-hearted,' he would say, 'physically broken-hearted.' And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken-heart tempered marvelously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder."

Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that sorrows "grieve the heart" is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and "it went clean to my heart, that did," is his physiologically correct description of his experience. When Hamlet thinks of the "wicked speed" with which his mother married his father's murderer, indignation forces from him the words, "But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue." Permanent intermittency of the heart is often induced by a single sudden terror. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease: the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.

Wine is commonly said to "make glad the heart;" but such hilarity is short-lived; and it would seem from the latest discoveries of science, that the drunkard is even physically a heart-broken man. The heart is nothing more than a force-pump to keep up the circulation of the blood. The pulse indicates the beats or strokes of the pump. If the beats be more than seventy per minute in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This over-action of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact, however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced, and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alcohol is, "Look to your pulse," for on the proper working of the heart length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide which all can understand.

These few illustrations show us that if we would keep our hearts whole, we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control that "alone lead life to sovereign power." Did we know ourselves and our real capacities, we would not break our hearts working and worrying to attain objects which have been placed beyond our reach. Rather we would be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way, and in that place to which our powers and circumstances point. The fretful stir—unprofitable that wears out life—generally arises from false ambition, striving after impossibilities,

which by reason of self-ignorance are not perceived to be such. And surely if a man will rightly value and reverence himself, he will be content to well use the one talent that has been intrusted to him, rather than make himself miserable, and ruin his health in competing with those who have received five or ten talents.

It is well to "scorn delights and live laborious days;" but the energy of which we of this generation are rightly proud is too much developed when competition breaks our hearts, and when for the sake of getting on we throw away life itself. Speaking of the Arabs, in his book "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," Mr. R. Bosworth Smith makes the following not unnatural reflection: "It is surely a relief to turn, if only for a moment, to the supreme contentment of an Arab with his lot, to his carelessness of the future, to his ineffable dignity of repose from the feverish activity, the constant straining after an ideal which can never be satisfied, the 'life at high-pressure,' which is the characteristic of the more active but hardly the more highly gifted races of the West. It is not that the Arab lacks the intelligence or the power to change his condition—he does not wish, or rather he wishes not, to do so." Knowing well that the "pains and penalties of idleness" are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words, to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.

### THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A YOUNG Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed—perhaps on the walls; and you know that when a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

### TWO HALF-PINTS OF ALE A DAY.

A MANCHESTER calico printer was on his wedding-day persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day, as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other, except at breakfast; but as she kept things tidy about her, and made the small sum which he allowed her for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint; and he perhaps had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except that at odd times she succeeded, by one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions.

They had been married a year; and on the morning of the anniversary of their wedding-day the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we have had no holiday since we were wed; and, only that I have not a penny in the world, we would take a jaunt to the village to see your mother!"

"Would you like to go, John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear to hear him speak so kindly as in old times. "If you would like to go, John, I will stand treat."

"Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; "hast got a fortune, wench?"

"No," said she; "but I have got the pint of ale."

"Got what?" said he.

"The pint of ale," was the reply.

John did not understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale, in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five threepences, put 4*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* into his hand, exclaiming, "You shall have the holiday, John."

John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten and charmed. He would not touch it, but said, "Have you not had your share? Then I will have no more."

They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, ware-house, country-seat, a carriage; and, for aught we know, John was mayor of his native borough at last.

LET us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in the great army which achieves the welfare of the world.



## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

IT is too bad. The best of people will sometimes say the very thing that they didn't want to, and oftenest at the time when they are anxious to make a favorable impression. I felt sorry for father the other day.

There was a vigorous rapping at the south door, and when I opened it, a face that set me a-dreaming was before me. A hale old man with ruddy countenance, and a glad, eager light in his gray eyes, greeted me with extended hand, and a closing grip that meant, oh so much. I was puzzled, and said, "You are one of the Wilmer's; I see that in your face, but I don't know whether you are Jesse, or David, or Jotham or Horace—anyhow I am very, very glad to see you," and, as shaking hands didn't mean enough, I patted his broad, solid old shoulder, after the manner of a mother patting her proud little son who didn't like to wear a shawl over his head, or carry the dinner basket.

"Well," said the dear old fellow, "I arn't nuther Jess, nor Dave, nor Jot nor Hod—hee, hee! I'm that tother one, don' you mind, sis. I'm Sy'vester."

"Why, so you are Sylvester, too, now I'm sure of it. Come right along in, Sylvester, and see the deacon. My how nice it is to have one of father's old friends drop in this way!" And I led him off into the room where father sat dozing over the last *Chronicle*. How they did shake hands—the two old men who had played together in childhood, who had felled trees of the forest sixty-five years ago, and who had both known all the privation of pioneer life. They sat down close beside one another; not because either was deaf or dim of eye sight, but they wanted to draw closely together; it seemed to bring them nearer, in spirit, perhaps. And I crept up, too, it seemed to make me fuller of sympathy, to carry me back with them, and make me a sharer and a partaker of the old times gone by. How they talked! Sometimes father laid his hand on Sylvester's knee when he emphasized or desired to more fully impress a thought in his mind, and Sylvester would lay his old hard hand, as full of expression as any face could be, on father's as if to clench, or rivet an idea, or render more earnest the utterance and the meaning.

From the far away, but not dim past, they came back, step by step, to the now. They talked of "my boys," and "my girls"—called them "the children," and "the young uns," and the "family," and "we," and "at our house," and their conversation flowed like a stream with never a ripple or a whirl to break the smooth flow and swiftness. I slipped out and prepared dinner, and stood the little table against the wall to make it appear cozy and unceremonious, and the two old men ate together after the manner of other days. I noticed that sometimes they sat cross-legged, and again they leaned their elbows on the table, and ate with their knives, and leaned back and partook leisurely and with the utmost freedom of the piece of pie or cake in their hands. I had cut some cold mush in slices—"pudding," they called

it, after the manner of their Yankee ancestors—and fried it in butter until the thin slices were nicely browned; and the beans left of yesterday's dinner were renovated with cream and butter, until they both declared they tasted like "my mother's beans." The pumpkin pie pleased them, too, and I don't know what put the notion into my head, but before they sat down to dinner I put some cedar branches and tassels of pine in a big pitcher between the table and the window, and added a few sprays of wild rose berries, and no two little girls with their bright, keen æsthetic natures would have been any more delighted or enthused than were these dear old men. It reminded them of the hills and the mountains of their earliest home in the East, and then they talked of the pines, and cedars, and hemlocks, and wild roses and ferns, until their faces glowed as though lighted from within.

Finally the deacon said, "Where's your Hank live now? and is he getting along any better than he used to?"

"He lives down in Silver Run Valley, on the old Holt farm," said Sylvester, and he pushed his gray hair back off his forehead as though smitten with a sudden pain—quite as though he struck himself on the head. I saw that he was hurt—that an old wound was rudely torn open and bleeding afresh; that poor blundering, well-meaning old Deacon Potts, in his desire to be "like folks," chatty, and nice, and agreeable, and a good entertainer, had hurt his old friend, Sylvester Wilmer.

Hank, the little curly-haired, roguish lamb of the flock, had developed into the black sheep of the family; had brought the only sorrow upon his dear parents that they had ever known. In the neighborhood his name was a by-word—the synonym for all the disreputable deeds that evil-disposed men are guilty of. The white hair had suddenly grown whiter on his mother's head; and the lines indicative of the "weariness of living," had plowed themselves deeper in his father's face, because of his misdeeds. How often in the nights after they had retired, this Adam and Eve had consoled together, and wept and sought to carry comfort, one to the other, half-despairingly, was known only to Him who watches and sleepeth not.

Sylvester's visit was robbed of its charm and interest. He grew moody. He frequently rubbed his palms down the legs of his pantaloons, brushed his hair back off his forehead in a tired, aimless way, and two or three times I caught him looking blankly out of the upper panes of the window into the chill blue of the late November sky. Poor man! on what a little thing do hinge our joys, and our sorrows, and our disappointments. When he started home he chucked his hat in a hard, reckless way down on his head, until the tops of his ears bent over like saplings caught by the fall of a giant tree. He didn't seem to feel, or care that he had ears, or had not. That little question, thoughtlessly framed, had stabbed poor old Sylvester.

"Hitch up sometimes, 'Nijar, and you and Pizzie

drive down and pay us a visit. Just me and my old woman left now. Children all gone, and only the two old larks left in the nest. If I'd 'a' known or thought about it in time, I'd sent you a basket o' late peaches in October. Had some as big round as a chany tea cup, and the color of a lussy little shaver's rosy cheeks. Powerful nice ones; guess my old woman put up some in sugar, and some she pickled, and I know she canned a bushel or two. Well, come down one o' these days, deacon. Time was when you'd take your hickory or black haw cane to kill anakes with, and walk, instead o' riding down; but we're all growing old, and we old fellows are droppin' off like ripe pears, one at a time. Well, well."

And he was gone, and I sat dazed and hurt as I murmured, "Oh, these little words! these little words!"

When I was in the store the other day waiting for the deacon to come along, on his way from the mill, a woman came in bringing the merchant his winter butter. It was packed in new crocks to within an inch of the top, a fine thin piece of white lawn or muslin wet in clean water and spread over, and pressed down smoothly, and then pure salt was put on that until the crock was even full, then covered nicely with a plate or wooden cover. The woman and I got to talking, and I learned a great many new items of interest from her. She said to keep butter good it should not be removed from one vessel to another; that it was quite sure to injure it. Now last fall a year, ours was engaged of the best butter maker about Pottsville, forty pounds in two and three-pound rolls, brought home and kept in a firkin under brine, but before Christmas I began to wish, all that good woman's butter was gone. It had an old, infirm flavor; it was not very choice.

I said: "We are fastidious, whimsical; everybody praises that woman's butter; they compare it to cream and to marrow, and all the city folks are after her delicious rolls."

But the woman told me it was the moving of it from one place to another, from one vessel to another, and finally the transfer to the brine in the deacon's cellar; so many changes affected its sweetness and purity, and a final taint settled upon it.

The other day, when we bought a jar of October butter for present use, I spoke of the man taking the jar home with him, and he said in a surprised tone: "It will not be so good if you move it, you know; my woman told me to tell you to keep the jar until it was all used out."

This, from a man who makes gilt-edged butter, was an item of intelligence worth remembering, for to-day the last in the bottom of that fifteen-pound jar was just as good and sweet as was the first.

Yesterday I ran in to a neighbor's to see if she had any carpet-rags ready cut and sewed that she could possibly spare us in a pinch like the present, and I found her stirring apple-butter, and three of her neighbors preparing more fruit for thickening. I was in a hurry, for the weaver had fell short of the colors of green and black filling; but my walk had

been up-hill, and I was entitled to sit and rest, so I improved the time talking. One woman put her apple-butter in gallon crocks and jars; another put hers in a half-barrel keg, and used out of the side of it; and the other kept hers in three and four-gallon jars. They asked our way, or the way we did long ago when the deacon's house was jubilant with the music of children's voices, and the little ones liked something to spread on "top of the cow-butter."

We learned by experience that a keg of apple-butter would sour if we used out of it in moderate weather, the same as a gallon jar of jam would. When we made a large quantity of it then, we reheated it in the spring, and put it into vessels not containing over one gallon. If it was too strong, or too sour, we added sugar and cinnamon to the small quantity designed for immediate use, generally preparing one crockful at a time as we needed it. What rivers of apple-butter the American people are making!

An incident happened lately that afforded a jolly laugh to us. Lily and I were walking one night in October, arm in arm, down the road to the village. It was quite dark, but clear and starry, and the south wind blew breezy enough to fluff up the hair of our uncovered heads. The village lights twinkled cheerily, and here and there flamed and flared the blazes under the kettles containing apple-butter in all stages, from the sweet cider, warm and brimming, down to the thick ruby mass beginning to glisten and show signs of fulfillment.

I said: "See the kettles out in Bodkin's yard, and Professor Leslie's, and Williams's, and Showalter's, and the Widow Lane's, and Johnny Hermon's, and over at Mike Cole's, and at about every third house in town."

"Yes, and one can smell hot cider in the very winds from the south," said Lily, "and once in awhile you get an intimation of 'boiling over' or 'sticking fast.' What a panic awakes over the land, and how like a malignant epidemic it goes from house to house, attacking both old and young, and married and single. We hear it, and feel it, and taste it, and smell it."

Just here two gentlemen came up behind us horse-back, and in the gathering darkness we stepped aside to let them pass, and as I turned my head away from the breeze I heard one of them speak just one word, and that word was, "apple-butter." Their conversation had been on this prevailing topic.

A suggestion presented itself to me. I said: "Lily, what a charming theme for a poem, allowing the end of every verse to be the word 'apple-butter.'"

And then she assisted me in thinking of rhymes, such as flutter, sputter, cut her, utter, mutter, stut, gutter, putter, clutter, shutter; and we planned a poem that would reach every home, and raise a laugh from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Just then a new thought came to her, and in her impulsive way she stopped and pounded my back in her exuberance of delight, laughing at the novel conceit which had presented itself.

"Oh, write a parody on Excelsior!" she said; "it would be so funny, and is so easily done, don't you see! How charming that would be!"

But the parody abides with us yet. Though we enjoy them, and our pen capers gleefully while at such tricks—such heartless despoiling, and defacing, and defaming—we always hesitate, and think twice before we venture out on such marauding business. A poem relentlessly parodied, is a sweet song lost to the world.

We should have said before this time that our sister Ida, the little one, was married, and had gone out from the deacon's household to preside in a nice new home of her own. She was married one dreamy, soft day in October, and in one week after went to housekeeping. But she lives in the village in full sight of our home—perhaps fifty rods away—and she comes up daily to see how we are, and what she can do for our comfort. We are pleased to see her happy, and we all like the new boy-son and brother. Do any of you girls who learned to love my little sister in the years ago, wonder what she wore, and how she looked and behaved?

Well, for the reason that Pipsey always cries at weddings, in spite of herself, this one was solemnized at the home of the oldest pastor of our church—a sweet-faced, feeble old man, who was not able to stand during the ceremony. He came to this place fifty years ago, a young graduate of one of the Eastern colleges. It was appropriate that Father Hughes should perform the ceremony. Lily said it was very impressive. The bride wore brown cashmere, trimmed in the prevailing style with silk—a dress that will be serviceable for a long time—natural flowers, with her hair prettily arranged, and smooth on the forehead and temples. To me she looked very sweet.

I was fastening a rose in the filmy lace at her throat when "he" came in, and the expression that illumined his face satisfied me. I was not afraid to give away into his cherishing care the little baby that came from the bosom of her dying mother to mine, warm and eager, and, oh, so glad of "something to love."

Fearing a scene, and hardly daring to trust my fingers to perform this tender task, especially when I caught the gaze of her beautiful eyes, I stepped lightly here and there, and bustled about as though I was a frivolous, tiring maid by profession. Not a serious, sentimental thought did I entertain for a moment, and when the little party returned in the evening I kept out of hearing a moment, lest the deacon's fatherly congratulations should break away the barriers I had built. In spite of my watchfulness, when she stood alone my arms reached out and gave her the briefest little embrace and the softest little caress—and that was all. We had been reading an article on self-control, and this was our first experience.

The dress in which she "appeared" was black gros grain silk, princess style, with sacque to match;

a hat selected in the city by a lady of fine taste, white kid gloves, natural flowers, etc.

There are a good many things we would like to say to girls in moderate circumstances who are meditating marriage; but this medium is too public, and the advice and suggestions would savor of egotism. In an article of ours a few months ago, "From My Basket," we gave our ideas of wedding-dresses, flimsy things, good only "for the occasion;" trailing silks, indicative of a lack of good sense; of beautiful hair, scorched, and crimped, and frizzed, and spoiled; and yet we did not write half as earnestly as we feel.

The average American woman needs a good deal of old-fashioned talk, we think; her ideas of what "they" say, and do, and wear, of what "they" think, and of "their" rule, is too much her guide, and drags her down to a servitude and a thralldom that is appalling. We fear for the future of the coming woman with fashion, as she is now, the ruling queen.

PIPSEY POTTS.

### THE TUNEFUL VOICE.

A GERMAN, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church a day or two after he had landed in this country; and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion; and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air and leave the hated sounds behind him.

"But this, too, I feared to do," said he, "lest offense might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished, amid the din, the soft, clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony."

I have thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice amid the braying of the multitude; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be forced into perfect tune. But this would be a pitiful experiment; the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult. Stronger and more frequently comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end, singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

## AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

**H**E was her only child. For ten years—the years of her lonely widowhood—she had denied and overtasked herself in order that he might have a pleasant home and a liberal education. All her life was bound up in her boy; all her care was for him; and all her future, as she looked forward to the years of his manhood, full of sweet and happy anticipations. He would be her stay and comfort; the burden-bearer for her, as she had been so long

interests and purposes, he had begun drifting away from her. The light-hearted, loving boy who had never seemed so contented and happy as when with his mother, was now quieter and less warmly responsive. He had begun looking forward into manhood, and the ambition to rise above the common level, and make his way in life, had been stimulated by his college connections, and was beginning to take a strong hold upon his mind. Only five months more, and then he would turn his back upon the university, and his face to the world. Never had the narrow-



the care-taker and burden-bearer for him. She felt her strength failing, as the years went by—the years that were giving to him the strength and confidence of early manhood; and her prayer was, that she might be able to bear up until he was ready to stand by her side and let her lean upon him. What a warm and tender glow rested upon her future! What pleasant pictures her fancy drew, in all the fond requitals of love that awaited her!

Alas, poor mother! Richard was at home in the two months of his last vacation; and Mrs. Northcote had made the discovery, that in all his dominant

ness of his home-surroundings so impressed him. The dead level of things in his native town and neighborhood, and the low ambition of its denizens, content to move in the narrow spheres of trade, agriculture, or artizanship, and with no higher end, as it seemed to him, than money-getting, excited his boyish contempt. What was there for one of high ambition in a community like this? Thought went reaching into broader fields, and, in his view, to nobler things in life. He would have a career; would make his mark in the world.

It was near the close of a mild September day, the



last day that Richard was to spend at home before returning to college. Of all his vacations, this had given him the least amount of pleasure. He had not drawn closer to the loving heart of his mother; had not felt its warmth pervading his whole being as of old; had not thought of her comfort and happiness as in times past. Not that he was really growing cold or indifferent, or that he had any consciousness of decreasing love, nor was there any failure of his purpose to cherish her in his manhood with all filial care and tenderness. But he was so much interested in his own future, that in talking about it to his mother he left her out of his calculations almost entirely—at least so it seemed to her. He was going to New York, he said, to enter the office of an eminent lawyer, whose son was a college friend. This friend had written to his father about him, and the answer received was so favorable, that he had little doubt in regard to an ultimate satisfactory arrangement. All this without so much as writing to his mother about it; as though her judgment in regard to his future was of little or no account whatever. She would only have to continue the help she had so far given him for a year or two longer, he said, and then he would not only be able to take care of himself, but care for her also.

Continue to keep him for a year or two longer! And already the mother's strength was on the eve of breaking down. She had not told him of the mortgage which she had been compelled to give upon the little homestead, nor of the pinching self-denial which she had to endure, in order that the interest might be met and the college bills paid. A year or two longer! The bare thought of struggling on for a single year longer, made her heart sink like lead in her bosom.

It was, as we have said, near the close of a mild day in September; the last that Richard was to spend at home before returning to college; and they were together in the pleasant parlor that looked out upon meadow, and river, and a picturesque range of hills beyond, giving a landscape of rare beauty. The sadness of his mother's face, and the strange look in her eyes, the meaning of which he but poorly understood, were troubling Richard. To all his plans for the future, she had made but little response, and almost as little objection. But not a word of approval had passed her lips. As the shadows began to gather, a silence fell between them; and as this grew more oppressive, the boy arose and went to the window, where he stood looking out for several minutes. But his eyes were not upon the fair landscape. Its picture on the retina was unperceived by the eyes of his soul, which were looking far away from the present and upon a different scene altogether.

"Mother," he said, turning abruptly from the window, and speaking in a tone of complaint, not unmingled with displeasure, "I don't know what's come over you!"

He caught back the farther words that were forming on his tongue; for he had said enough, as the suddenly whitening face of his mother told him.

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She did not look up nor move; but sat with fixed eyes that seemed looking through the window and far away beyond the fading landscape—a little while so, and then the eyelids fell slowly, until they lay as still on her cheeks as a penciled fringe—a little while so, and then the wasted form sunk back in the chair, shrinking, it seemed in the eyes of the startled young man, to half its old dimensions.

"O mother, dear!" he cried, bending over her, and placing his arm about her neck. But there was no responsive movement on her part. It did not seem as though she had even heard his voice.

"Dear mother! What ails you?" He reached a chair, and sitting down, drew her head against his breast, and held it with a close and tender pressure. "What is it, mother, dear? Won't you tell me? Are you sick? Have I said anything to hurt you, my dear, good, true and loving mother?"

Still she did not reply, but Richard felt a slight motion, as if her head were pressed closer to his bosom. It was a long time before he could get any response in words, though his lips overflowed with strong appeals and loving assurances. At last, Mrs. Northcote made an effort to recover the strength and control which she had lost so suddenly; but in the very effort, she became painfully aware of the fact that the old life had gone out of her. As her heart had failed, so had her strength failed.

When Mrs. Northcote met her son on the next morning, there were but few traces of the weakness and depression which had borne her down on the day before, and above which she had not, for a time, been able to rise. But there was a change in her which Richard not only saw, but felt; a change, the meaning of which he was not able to penetrate. It had been wrought in her during the long night-watches in which she had prayed and striven with herself, and laid upon the altar of sacrifice some of the most precious things of her life—as many an almost heart-broken mother had done before her—and offered them up in silence and in tears; scattering the ashes upon her head in sign of submission. Still, she must continue to give her life for this beloved one, though all the dear hopes which had blossomed in her heart for years had been stricken by a sudden frost and were lying dead at her feet.

From henceforth there must be a more complete self-forgetfulness and self-abnegation,—a larger giving, with but little hope of receiving anything more than a stinted measure in return. Out of what a sweet, delicious dream had she awakened! And with what a heart-shiver did she turn her face to the cold, hard, inevitable fact of the real life that was before her!

Could Richard Northcote ever forget the look that was in his mother's eyes at their parting on that day? It haunted him all the way on his journey back to college, and for a long time afterward.

How suddenly had the lives of mother and son fallen apart; that of the son taking so sharp an angle of divergence, that ere the mother's tear-dimmed eyes, that were straining after him, grew

clear again, there seemed to have stretched itself between them an almost immeasurable distance.

Under a new and oppressive feeling of weakness, and a dreary sense of desertion which she found it impossible to overcome, Mrs. Northcote took up the burdens of life and made an effort to move forward again; but with every step, she felt her limbs growing weaker, and the burden weighing more heavily. There had been, on her part, no miscalculation of strength. She had felt the waste going on, year after year, and later, month after month; and her great concern had been for the endurance which should bear her forward to the time when Richard would be ready to stand by her side in the freshness of his young manhood: no longer a tax upon her strength, but a stay on which she might lean. All that dear delusion had died—poor mother! And she was not strong enough to rise out of it, and to find in duty a new life potential enough to hold her up in the farther way that opened so drearily before her.

Face to face again with the hard facts of her life; with the yearly diminishing product of her small farm of twenty acres; with the steady growth of interest on the mortgage her son's college-charges had compelled her to lay upon the homestead; and face to face with the problem of how to get the sum which must be paid at the completion of the college course—it is not at all surprising that Mrs. Northcote, looking beyond the day which was to have been the red-letter day of her life to the hopelessly burdened years beyond, lost heart more and more, and bodily strength as rapidly as she lost strength of will. In the letters which came from Richard—his letters had once been the food of her heart—she found but little that helped and comforted her. They were full of his future career—of plans, and purposes, and achievements—of "I," and "I," and "I," but for the "you," and the "you, dear mother!" in connection with his plans and his purposes, she searched through these letters far too often in vain. And, for Richard, the words from home had lost much of their old, sweet flavor. There was a reserve and a constraint about them which had never appeared before; and under cover of guarded expressions and feebly-expressed interest in his future, as he had mapped it out, he recognized the lack of sympathy and approval that were in his mother's heart. The effect of this was to annoy him, rather than to set him thinking as to the real cause of his mother's state of mind, which to him was unaccountable.

If she had only written to him frankly, and told him the whole truth, as she ought to have done, it might have saved them both: her from the untimely bed over which the winter laid softly a coverlet of spotless snow, and spring and summer a green mantle bordered and spotted with flowers; and him from a career that ended in failure, disappointment, disgrace and vain regret.

When Richard came home from college for the last time, it was to find his mother so changed as to give him a painful shock. The feet, hastening to meet him as of old, were not heard on the stairs nor in the hall

as he entered. The grave face of the servant, and the stillness of the house, struck a chill to his heart.

"My mother?" he said, and held his breath for the reply.

"She has not been very well," answered the servant.

"Not seriously ill?" The color went out of his face.

"I hope not. But the doctor says that she must keep in her room, and be very quiet and careful of herself. She's been losing strength in a strange kind of way lately. I'm glad you've come home, Mr. Richard."

The young man waited to hear no more. With light, swift steps he sprang up the stairs, pausing for a moment or two at the door of his mother's room to regain his lost composure, and then entering with almost silent footsteps. Mrs. Northcote was not taken by surprise. She had been waiting for him, and knew when he entered below. She had heard the murmur of his voice in the hall, and the soft, swift strokes of his feet on the stairs; and when the door was pushed quietly open she knew that it was by his hand.

O mother! Sitting so still; with face so wan and wasted; with eyes so large, and bright, and eager, and doubting! O son! Standing with arrested feet on the threshold of this chamber of mystery, which should have been the chamber of revelation! Why did not some pitying angel uncover the heart that one of you twain was hiding from the other! If, in that moment, Richard could have looked beneath the veil which his mother was drawing so closely that he had no clear intimation of what she was hiding; or, if she had advised him of the true condition of her affairs, how different it might have been!

But all was settled in the mind of Mrs. Northcote; and now she was laying down her life for her son—laying it down that he might have that successful career in the world to which he was looking forward with so much hope and so many brilliant anticipations. At her death, the homestead would come into his possession. Its sale would give him, after the mortgage and debts were paid, a sum sufficient to meet his expenses until he had established himself in the great city to which he was going. She felt that her hold upon life was becoming feebler every day, and that no very long time could elapse before the silver chord would be loosened. And what was life now that the idol of her heart was turning his face away from her?

How sweet to the mother were the loving care, the tender concern, and the untiring devotion of her son, as he saw her fading and failing day by day. It would be a sweet transition into Heaven to die with her head lying upon his breast. And so she died, just as spring was putting on her beautiful garments in the resurrection of the year. Died? Say, rather, And so she was raised up in the new spring-time of her life immortal.

Thirty years afterward, a man stood looking down upon her mortal resting-place. The iron railing

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with which the small burial-lot had been inclosed was rusted and defaced, the head-stone fallen, and the grave covered with weeds and briars. A single glance would have told any one that, in the battle of life, this man had not come out on the victor's side. That he had fought hard was plain, for the scars of the conflict were thick upon him. Ah, if we could only say of him, that in every battle he had been on the right side; had passed from every field white-plumed and with stainless honor! But it was not so. In choosing and entering upon his career, he had thought only of himself; and self had at last betrayed him to his ruin, as it is betraying and ruining thousands every year. In the very prime of his manhood, and after he had won a distinguished position, he fell, disgraced. His self-seeking had been too eager, and the tempter too strong for him.

A long time he stood looking down upon the neglected grave; then, moving away, with a sigh, he walked slowly from the cemetery. A little beyond the gate a clump of trees stood on a bit of rising ground. Below this the village—now a large and flourishing town—on which he had turned his back thirty years ago, lay like a beautiful panorama, but so changed that he could scarcely make out any of the former land-marks. Tall spires pierced the air; and costly residences, heralding the thrift of their owners, were seen in all directions. But where was the old homestead, the poor price of which he had carried away in his pocket when he turned his back upon the home of his boyhood? Had the town grown out to and over it? Or did that handsome villa on the near outskirts occupy the place where it once stood; and that broad carriage-way, entered by a massive gate, lead to the very spot? He made it out at last. Yes, yes; it was even so! All the past came rushing back upon him. He saw the pleasant home of his boyhood; his mother's face—sweet, and gentle, and loving—her voice was in his ears; he felt her arms about him as of old. Then came a swift transition, and before him lay a white face, the eyelids shut down, and the forehead cold as marble. The chill and the shadow of death were upon his soul.

Rousing himself with a struggle, and a "God help me!" the man went striding down the hill, turning his head as he went, so that he might not see the beautiful home which rose so proudly where his should have been that day. But the road which he had taken wound back upon itself, and brought him to the spot he would have avoided—to the massive gateway of stone and iron, through which he could see the stately mansion, standing amid green lawns which were as smooth as carpets, and figured and bordered with flower-patterns of richest design and color. A kind of dumb fascination held him to the place. As he stood there, a carriage was drawn up to the door of the mansion, and a lady and gentleman entered it. He shrunk back, trying to get out of sight as the vehicle came dashing down the smooth carriage-way and out through the gate. For an instant he saw the faces of the man and the woman

who sat within. To him they were the faces of strangers. One was strong, manly and true; the other fair and gentle, and beautifully set against a border of whitening hair, the first soft tokens that heralded the coming autumn of a happy life.

"Who are they?"

The answer was in a tone of surprise.

"Why that's Judge Claghorn and his wife!"

"Philip Claghorn?"

"Yes, sir. He's been judge here for over ten years."

There was a dazed look about the man as he stood gazing after the carriage until it rolled out of sight. Philip Claghorn! They had been boys together, and schoolmates and college friends. Had graduated in the same class, and taken their start in life together.

Richard Northcote had tried to inflame his young friend's imagination with the heat of the ambition which was firing his own; but Philip had truer ideas of life, and a certain loyalty to his home and native town, which held him back from a plunge into the great world, and a struggle after place, position and honor, for the mere sake of a "career," about which Richard was so fond of talking. He was also going to study law; but, under the advice of his father, he chose for his preceptor a village attorney who had a good practice in the county courts. His friend might try the city lawyer and the city practice, and the fiercer struggle in life, if he chose—with all the larger risks of disastrous failure—but as for him, he was content to try the home-chances, and to abide in less ambitious but safer ways.

Philip Claghorn! "Judge Claghorn!" The man was dazed and stunned. The carriage rolled out of sight. The man whom he had questioned, after looking at him curiously, passed through the gate. He was alone again; and, as we have said, dazed and stunned.

Here was the outcome after thirty years! Here were the harvests gathered from the seed which these two men had sown in the spring-time of life! "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" It has never so been in the generations that are past; it will never so be in the generations to come! As a man soweth, so shall he reap. The law is as unchangeable as God Himself.

Judge Claghorn never knew that the man, prematurely old and broken, who shrunk away from the gate as his carriage passed through, and for whom a few pitying throbs ran along his pulses, was the dishonored friend of his early years. The next train that left the town bore Richard Northcote away, and back again into the world, the love of which had betrayed him; weak, helpless, beaten down—with honor stained and spirits broken—to be lost and forgotten amid the wrecks of humanity.

IRENE L.—

BEWARE of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.

## THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF A LONELY OLD MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ISABELLA BRAUN.

TRANSLATED BY H. P. CAMP.

## CHAPTER I.

MANY YEARS AGO.

PROFESSOR HERMAN EHRENREICH had gained, through his celebrated researches in natural history, not only fame, but also quite a large amount of property. He had sacrificed, however, to this laurel-wreathed idol his whole life, his time, his every thought. When the sun shone so warm that even the cold stone began to glow under his feet, or the stormy wind swept the street-goer violently along, or the winter erected a barrier of ice and snow, then was it "Ehrenreich weather," as the people of his acquaintance proverbially called it; for then he was secure against any intrusive visitor, and could remain alone with his books and his pipe. In the evening he lighted his study-lamp, and if he rested for a moment thought of his own gilded name which glittered on the backs of the books before him, and there passed over his stony face an expression of satisfaction and happiness. The professor had not always been so solitary. Once had the blood pulsed warm and spring-like through his veins. Many years before, he married a pretty, gentle maiden, and had two bright, beautiful children, a boy and a girl. When he arranged a nursery for them, it was placed quite remote from his study, that he might not be annoyed by the noise of the children at their play. The professor often forgot the dinner hour, while in his study where not even the ticking of a clock was heard; and it seemed almost as if he lived and grew fat upon books. His wife loved him and tenderly cared for him, and although he did not notice it she wove around him the charm of a well-ordered and happy home. Everything was at hand that he needed, and everything remote that would annoy. At dinner-time she did not herself venture to interrupt his meditations, but chose two little messengers, Eberhard and Linda, who were alternately to bring their papa to the table. Quickly the children tripped along the covered corridor, placed themselves on the mat before the door, reached the latch and open it flew. A little curly head was pushed through the opening, and a little voice cried out, "Papa! come quickly to dinner, we are hungry!"

The learned man turned somewhat angrily toward the disturber of his peace, but the messenger had already disappeared, and did not notice his frown.

During the meal, the children were not allowed to take part in the conversation, as the thoughts of the professor must have rest, but after they had finished he would willingly have remained and chatted with his wife and children, were it not that Eberhard hurried away to his rocking-horse and Linda to her dolls. Neither of them had the least fear of their papa, for he bought them such beautiful things and

gave the "Christ-child" such generous commissions at Christmas-time.

How could it be otherwise, when their mother told them that all these nice presents came from him, but that he had so much to do in his study that he could not play with them.

One day Eberhard, who had been busy at his little table a long time, ran to his father with a slip of paper, and cried, with joyous pride, "Papa! only see what I have made! Do you recognize it? Here we all are!"

Quite astonished, the professor took the paper, and said, somewhat harshly, "Nonsense! A drawing! Can't you do anything better and more useful than that? I see now, that you are entirely too large and old to spend all your time in play. It is time you were learning something. When I was your age, I had a collection of beetles and a herbarium. I must go to-morrow morning and engage a teacher for you!"

Thereupon the professor crushed the paper in his hand. Eberhard reached for it, and said, with a trembling voice, "But, papa—"

The professor did not allow the child to finish speaking, but repeated after him, "'Papa!' What a childish name! Father is the German word! You have long since left the cradle where one cries papa and mamma."

With these harsh words, the professor went away and left the frightened children with their mother. Eberhard and Linda, sobbing, threw themselves into her arms, and she took them tenderly on her lap and kissed away their tears.

After awhile Eberhard said, "Must we always say 'father,' now?"

Their mother bowed her head affirmatively.

Then Linda whispered, "But when we speak to you about him, or with one another, can't we call him papa?"

"Again the mother gave the same reply, and wiped her tearful eyes on Linda's apron. Then she explained to her children how noble their father was, and also how learned and wise. Such a man could not possibly notice such little scrawls as Eberhard had showed him.

The boy became quite red in the face, glanced at his wrinkled drawing, and said, "Then I'll never be a learned man, mamma! I know what I am going to be when I grow up—an artist!"

From this day, the children were shy of their father. They studied diligently, and after tea always showed him their writing and their slates, but they seemed to progress very slowly.

The exhibition of Eberhard's little drawings ceased, his father's delay in the family circle became shorter and shorter, until at last the children seldom saw him.

Linda complained of it one day to her mother, for she loved her father dearly, and would gladly have sat in one corner of his study, as still as a mouse, had he only allowed it.

Her mother tried to comfort her with these words, "You never see the blessed Saviour, and don't you



remember how stern He is represented in the pictures at church? Nevertheless, He so loved the world that He not only caused the beautiful flowers and fruits to grow, and gives us everything we have, but also on Christmas-day He sends the 'Christ-child' to good little children. Your earthly father also does everything for you, and loves you very much, even though you seldom see him, and he appears to you very stern."

So the children grew up. The professor was happy in his way, but knew nothing at all of his family, until suddenly he became very miserable. Linda was attacked with scarlet fever, and the mother, who took the entire charge of her sick child, caught the disease, and both died, one after the other.

The poor man was completely stunned. So engrossed had he been in his studies, that he had not thought much of his wife's illness; and, even when he did, comforted himself with the idea that there had been great progress in medicine, and that his wife and daughter had naturally very strong constitutions. The result was very different from what he had anticipated.

From the grave the poor man went into his study and shut himself up, hour after hour and day after day. He did not heed the cries of his son, whose heart yearned for comfort; but he felt that he needed consolation himself, and found it alone in his books. At first he had his meals brought to his room, but afterward both the sorrowing ones sat down silently together, each busy with his own thoughts. The father knew that Eberhard had passed his examination and entered the university, but he had not the faintest idea that he studied only universal history and the history of art, or that he had devoted himself entirely, and with great success, to the profession of an artist.

When this youth of twenty-three years made known to his father that he wished to become an artist, he began to open his eyes. For awhile he was speechless with astonishment; then he became quite angry, and pointed toward the door.

Long the father stood in his room—a man self-deceived and frustrated in all his hopes and plans—until at last he came to a firm resolution. For the first time he went into his son's room. It had been transformed into a studio. Sketches and finished pictures hung on the walls, and amongst them there was one which was covered with a thick veil. There was really a medley of studies—trees, half-fallen huts near proud ruins, dark thunder clouds and rays of sunshine breaking through spring clouds; lovely child-faces and serious, manly heads. The youth, whose talent struggled in every direction, had even attempted the picture of an animal.

To the professor, all this seemed like a disordered play-room in comparison with his own study adjoining, and he said, with a harsh voice: "And this you will make your life-long calling. Where is there any benefit to mankind? With all your color-dabbling, you will never equal nature, and will remain a bungler all your life. Of what use is all this waste

of time? Is the world not open to every one? Can one not go out and let the sun shine upon him, or run a wager with the storm and rain? Such beggars and children in torn clothes as those, one sees only too many of through the window! And this is the chosen life-task of my son—one who sees his father penetrate into the hidden mysteries of nature, which daily furthers new discoveries, and so wonderfully lays hold of the wheels of time. Away with this worthless trifling! Either burn it now in the fire, and let it quickly disappear in smoke, or you leave your father's house, a prodigal and an outcast."

As the son heard his dearly loved art so harshly reviled, defiance came in his heart, and he said: "Father, that cannot be! I am called by God's grace to be an artist. Take back your harsh words, and give me instead a father's blessing."

But the professor turned away, and Eberhard saw him no more.

The same day he received a note, saying: "You have made your choice, so go your own way. We separate forever. Take your mother's property which accompanies this note; it may, perhaps, keep you from want in your breadless calling."

All attempts of Eberhard to bid his father adieu were in vain, so he departed from his home and went to Italy, the land of artists, and to far-off Rome. There he perfected himself in his calling, and took a high position in the society of artists. In the course of a year he was married, and, like his parents, had two children, whom he called Herman and Marianna, after his own father and mother.

Although Eberhard never heard from home, yet he knew, by the new books which were constantly appearing, that his father still lived. Year after year he wrote, informing him of his marriage, of the birth of his children; and as they grew up he inclosed some of their letters to him.

The professor received them with an unmoved mien, and shut them up in a large portfolio containing some gilded papers of Eberhard's and Linda's childhood.

So this learned old man was entirely alone, as we see him sitting before his writing-table. He had given up his position as professor, and lived only for scientific researches. In order to be entirely undisturbed, he bought a little house, not in a narrow street, but in a sunny place, for in his old age he needed the outside warmth; and as the front of the house faced the south, he chose that for his study. The domestic affairs now troubled him, so he sent away the cook, and engaged to have his meals sent in from a neighboring restaurant.

Soon after, it happened that the janitor of the university died and left a wife and a little girl eight years of age. The professor arranged apartments for her in his house, and engaged her as housekeeper, having it distinctly understood that the house should be kept perfectly quiet. No visitors were allowed, nor any loud talking near his room.

In this way lived this learned hermit as the second part of our story begins.

## CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS MANY YEARS AFTER.

PROFESSOR EHRENREICH was comfortably seated in his warm room, while without the snow was driven about by the wind, so that every one walked with bent head, and even the boys were compelled to hurry home from school as quickly as possible. The wind drifted the snow about in sheltered nooks, as if it coveted the pavement its white covering, and took a wicked delight in the slipping of foot-passengers. At last the snow, which was heretofore more like hail, changed into white flakes, and during the night the ground was covered so thickly that even the wagon-wheels made a smothered sound, and a footfall was unheard. The professor rejoiced in this quiet, until he was disturbed by the boys snowballing and the screams of the girls who were hit by them.

The winter had now fully set in. Every tree wore its white fur cap, every branch a crystal ornament; every spring, post and door-knocker looked as if carved by the hand of a sculptor. Icicles hung from the roofs, and even the men's beards were covered with crystal drops. It was cold Christmas weather, and the winter sun came out as if to paint the ice and snow with his rainbow colors. No wonder that the little children were reminded of the flight of the Christmas angel, and prepared pen and paper in order to write their little wish-notes. Before their very eyes little booths had been erected, upon which there was everything to see and to buy which would delight a child's heart—from little mangers with the infant Jesus, His parents, the shepherds and the animals, to the richest and poorest toy, the sweetest cake, and even a Christmas-tree decorated with striped papers.

The professor did not notice any of these things, not even that the tables were very near his own house, so absorbed was he in his studies; but as he went to dinner, he was obliged to pass them, and in so doing nearly upset a fire-pan and a soup-pot. "Nonsense," grumbled he to himself.

In returning, he tried to avoid the market; but here, right before his door, stood another table, with miserable little plum men, painted wooden trumpets, dolls' cradles, a menagerie of unheard-of animals, and a heap of apples, all surrounding a tiny little fir tree. It really seemed as if the poor man could have no peace, for he was continually annoyed by the noise and the sight, no matter how much pains he took to escape.

He went angrily into the house, and pulled down the curtain, hoping thereby to shut out all the confusion; but it was the day before Christmas; and as the children had no school, all thought circled around the Christmas gifts, as if the preparations had not already been going on for weeks. Some people, urged by parental tenderness, wished even at the last moment to add something more; and others having less means, who had saved and scraped together for this time, went to purchase where they could get the

most for the least money, for everything looks beautifully in the glitter of Christmas-time.

The place became more and more crowded, the noise increased, and the different voices were mingled together in a sound resembling the murmur of a brook. Above all was distinctly heard the notes of a toy trumpet, then a drum, a mouth harmonica, and the squeak of the animals with their simple mechanism. The professor had seated himself before his writing-table with the intention of not being troubled with this childish noise, but it was not so easy a task as he had imagined. He noticed such an unusual noise, that he sprang up angrily, and pushed up the curtain in order to see what was really the matter. He could distinguish nothing in all this crowd except the things for sale on the table next to his house. One man, with a fur cap and dressing-gown, the collar of which was turned up, sat near by and praised some miserable little toys which he had to sell. Round about him crowded the boys and girls, but not a single purchaser. All stood wondering and gazing covetously at everything they saw.

As if lost in thought, the professor looked over the crowd. He frowned at the hopeless race of mankind, and he said to himself: "These are the people for whom we think and work day by day, and night by night." Then he perceived many youths of better standing, and at last one with his books under his arm. Indignantly he went back again to his writing-desk, dipped his pen deep in the black flood, and placed his hand so firmly upon the table that a great blot fell upon the learned treatise before him. At this he started up, walked once across the room, and then went again to the window. The boy had gone away—it is to be hoped to his books. But, no! there he comes again holding a child by each hand; and as he leads them around he chats with them, and shows them all the pretty toys on the tables. The little girl chose a plum man, and the boy a box, out of which, when opened, there jumped a horned devil; but they were obliged to give them up, and he led away with empty hands.

The professor murmured at the patience of the sellers, who answered every question as to the price; and he murmured still more at the impudence of the boys.

Meanwhile, some one had willingly paid the stated price, and the table near the house was perceptibly cleared. The learned old man was about to leave his post as he saw the boy come running back. He seized the plum man and the box, also a chimney-sweep, from which the little girl had turned her face; then he looked around, quite importantly, and took a small Christmas-tree and two dozen colored tapers. After this he hastened away with his purchases.

How does it happen that there is now a softer expression on the professor's face! Perhaps he has looked for a moment into the child's heart, and has recognized there the sisterly love shown in the boy's purchase. Did he think of a time long past, when Eberhard had made a similar purchase for Linda? He went back to his writing-table, but he rested his

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head on his hands and heaved a deep sigh. Again he slowly neared the window, pushed the curtain up, and looked over the crowd. At length he perceived an acquaintance, a man of learning like himself. What can he want here? He walked to the principal booth, and busied himself with the selection of a stall of horses. It was not done very quickly. In one there were only black horses, in another there were all kinds, and in a third there was a harness-room with the finest bridles. This was just right. Then came a doll's house with a kitchen, and a box with cups and saucers. The purchase was now complete; all his coat-pockets were stuffed full. The man beckoned to a poor, strolling boy, who willingly carried the stall and the doll's house, while the happy father put the kitchen under his arm and went away with the errand-boy.

Herr Ehrenreich remained awhile at the window, completely astonished. It was all so new to him. Hitherto, in his room, which was situated a little back, he had not seen any of these things, nor even dreamed it. He left the window; did not go back again to his old place, but sat on the sofa and meditated upon human nature in its different aspects. It left him no rest or repose; he must look still further.

Back came the boy, with such a triumphant air, as if he had won a great prize with which he could buy everything. He went immediately to a booth where many colored woolen cloths and caps were hanging. Proudly he pointed to one of violet cloth, with the safe feeling of his riches, and laid down the price of money he had received for carrying the bundle safely.

So far had the professor advanced in his study of the human heart, that he concluded the learned rich man had given the poor boy some spending money for Christmas, and what could the boy have in view but a nice Christmas present for his mother.

"Not all children lose their mother when so young," groaned lonely Professor Ehrenreich.

Now he remained at the window. He saw ladies and gentlemen, old men with their canes, servants laden with baskets and bundles, and covetous child faces, with their little fingers stretched eagerly out, ready to grasp something. Then he thought of a time long ago, when his wife walked by this same place. Soon he recognized Frau Marx as one of the purchasers, and remembered that she had a daughter eight years of age. She went from the tables to the booths with her basket on her arm, and then returned to the house. Then the little girl stepped out of the door, and turned into the crowd, where she soon disappeared from view. After a long time, she again appeared, carrying a large Christmas-tree. It was some time before the child returned without the Christmas-trees. As she came near the house, she saw the window up, and was visibly frightened at the sight of the professor, from whom she escaped into the door. He then withdrew, and watched. Presently, she came out again, peeped up at the window, and then chose two large ginger-cakes and two long, green wax-tapers, for which she paid with the money given her for carrying the Christmas-

tree, and then ran like a thief into the house. This set the professor thinking, and he shook his head apprehensively.

Strange that this learned naturalist should ponder over the action of a little child, and be unable to explain it.

Meantime it had become quite dark, and the little torches carried by the lamp-lighter skipped about in the air, and here and there a lantern shone out brightly.

The booths were all lighted up, except that of the man under the window, who, having sold out, was now making his Christmas purchase.

Professor Ehrenreich had, seen enough, and he went back to his writing-table, though he could not write, as it had become entirely dark. He did not ring for a light, as usual, and his housekeeper had not the courage, without this signal, to venture into his presence. So he sat in the darkness, and thought of the olden time, of his childhood which he had so entirely forgotten, of his parents of whom he was the only child. Then he thought still further of Eberhard and Linda, of his loved, deceased wife, and his heart became tender as never before. He pressed both hands to his old wrinkled face, and they were wet with tears. Again, as of old, the latch rattled, and a child's head looked in, which was brightly lighted up by a green Christmas-taper, stuck in the middle of a ginger-cake, carefully held in the child's hand. The professor turned his face toward the door, but not with an angry expression as formerly.

The child who now entered, and walked toward him, coming in the midst of these strange thoughts, seemed like a being from the other world, even his own Linda. Mary came near to him, placed the cake on his writing-table, and said: "That is from the Christ-child, because you sit all alone here in the dark," and was about to hasten away, when the professor seized her hand, and held it fast. He wished to thank her, but his voice failed him; a current of tenderness coursed through his veins as he held these delicate little hands in his own, and a strange feeling came over him of pain and happiness. The little girl looked at him perfectly astonished, and then tried to draw away her hands, but he suddenly put his arms around her, lifted her up, and pressed her a moment to his breast. Then he gently put her upon the floor, and softly whispered: "Go! go! my child, I thank thee!"

Mary ran to her mother, and told her how strangely, but not at all cross, the professor had been, and that he had not asked for a light. They listened and waited his ring, but heard nothing.

The professor looked steadily at the light in the Christmas-cake, and it became brighter and happier in his soul. Soon the taper burned lower and lower, and was at last extinguished.

The Christmas-lights outside shone brightly, and made ever moving shadows upon the wall, the floor and the ceiling, as if an angel hovered over, and the glory alone was wanting.

Now he hears a sound, low and far away. The lonely old man rises, and goes to the window. He opens it and listens. The sound came from the house opposite. Every window was lighted up, and an immense Christmas-tree shone with light. The song was hushed, but one could distinguish the shouts of astonishment and delight. The father held a child on his arm. It stretched its fingers toward a branch, and he lifted it up so that it might break off some of the sweet things. First it pushed a little piece into papa's mouth, and then reached toward mamma. She came and took the child on her arm, and then beckoned to her husband. He then lifted the boy upon his shoulder, so that he might reach the topmost branch. The little girl then wanted to be lifted up, too, and when this was done, she threw her arms around her papa's neck, and kissed him. Then the children disappeared from the sight of the professor, probably they had gone to examine their presents, but there was something else to see. The man opened a case, took out a chain, and hung it around his wife's neck, and then led her to the mirror. The children climbed up on a chair in order to admire their mother in the glass.

The professor turned away as if an arrow had pierced his heart, and then looked over again. The lights of the Christmas-tree shone into another apartment, where the servants were receiving their gifts. But this was not the only house which was brilliantly lighted, every one shone, from the least to the greatest, and the professor thought to himself, "How dark my house must seem in the midst of this sea of lights." He was about going out to see how it looked, when he sank exhausted into his chair and closed his eyes. The little child's hand which he had held for a moment between his fingers, had led him back into the far-off past. All these things which he had just seen, had he himself possessed, but yet not enjoyed. No, never, never, had his neck been so tenderly pressed by a child's arms, but Eberhard and Linda were not at fault. It was he alone! and even now the family jewels were locked up in a secret drawer. Why had he not hung them around his wife's neck also, and caused his children to admire her? Had her modesty and simplicity not shone more lovely than the most brilliant diamonds? "Vanity! nothing but vanity!" whispered his wise understanding, but his old heart, which had suddenly become young, said, "It would have made her so happy. Oh, why was I such a learned fool? Why did I not give her and myself this happiness?" He covered his face with both hands as if ashamed of his neglect; his breast heaved, and at last he groaned and sobbed aloud.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LONG did the professor remain in darkness absorbed in thought; meanwhile the lights in all the windows were extinguished, and the happy children were wrapped in slumber. The old man rose,

groped his way toward the tinder-box, and lighted a candle. It threw its feeble rays on the writing-table, but this was not enough. He wanted now to celebrate his Christmas. He brought both the candelabra from the parlor, and lighted all the candles. The room was now as bright as day, and the great mirror reflected the brilliancy. The whole house shone as if again in contrast with its neighbors, which were now quite dark. The old man sat down to his writing-desk, took out a portfolio from the lowest drawer, then selected the smallest key from his watch-chain, and unlocked it. The bright Christmas-light shone upon some faded papers, and seemed to rest there awhile as if to bless. He looked at the first one—it was his marriage certificate. He read it word for word, and then looked at both the gold rings on his hand. Then he turned to the second and third papers—Eberhard and Linda's baptismal certificates. Then followed child-notes with their gradual progress, first large letters crowded between two lines, then only one line—and at last this disappeared, and skillful flourishes followed. The hand which held this last leaf began to be unsteady. Before him lay two cards, bordered with black. The professor folded his hands and bent his head in remembrance of the dead. Then there sounded on the night air a solemn bell, and on all sides from all the church-towers joined the smallest and largest bells in this solemn Christmas-song, just as earlier in the evening the shouts of joy from old and young, rich and poor, had united in this sublime harmony. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men," sounded the bells, and as of old the shepherds were guided to the manger by this angel-song, so now the people streamed out of their houses into the brilliantly lighted churches, in order to pay their grateful homage to the Child who through love for us, Himself became man, and thereby sanctified all earthly love. "Peace to men," sounded in the heart of the lonely old man, and he again turned over the leaves in his portfolio. There lay, in a more manly and beautiful handwriting, a letter from Eberhard from Rome, which showed how, at his father's command, he had indeed been banished from home, but that he still had a son's love for him; how he worked and struggled, in order to become worthy of his honored name. Then he closed with these words: "If I dare come into your presence, though not bodily, oh, loved and respected father, grant me the consolation of conversing with you in this written speech." And then followed letter after letter, giving information of his artistic success, his marriage, that he had chosen a wife of the same type as his mother, and of the birth of his two children, whom he had named after their grandparents. Next to this came a little leaf with uncertain letters, which said: "Herman congratulates his grandpa on this New Year. I have myself written this, and mamma held my hand." Soon this was followed by the letter of a school-boy just beginning to write, and it said: "Dear grandpa! I can now write without any help, as I am



already seven years, two months and six days old. I have just the same name as you, and I know already that Herman was Germany's deliverer, and that I myself am not a Roman, but a German boy, so I use the German alphabet, which papa has taught me." Next came a letter from the little girl, which contained these words: "I am called Mari-anna, as our grandma was, and papa says I look just like little Linda—you know who she was. I have begged papa to paint me at the bottom of this sheet so that you may know me. We know you, for your picture hangs in our room." In place of the name underneath, a dear little child's face peeped out at the professor, which was really quite like Linda's. The old man wiped his eyes and gazed at it intently. Oh, that he had noticed it sooner, and not so hastily glanced at it, and shut it up in his portfolio. Now came the last letter, written with a decided hand, and it said: "I write now with the Latin letters, so that I can soon become a student, and read your books, for they please me the best of all papa's books, because they have red bindings, and your name is on the backs in gold letters. When I am old enough, I shall write just such books, and then, papa says, you will love me. But why don't you come to see us? Oh, please come, come, come, come very soon!"

"Come, come!" whispered the old man. Then the clocks began to strike, for it was the midnight hour. "Come, come!" sounded they, all together, in the listening ear of the lonely old man. "Come, come," beat every pulse of his heart. He could not resist longer—with trembling hand he seized a pen and wrote: "My Eberhard! come, come, come with your dear ones! A father's heart, a father's arms and a father's house are open for you. Come, come to a lonely old man."

The bells had ceased, the letter was sealed and directed, and the face of the professor wore an expression of Christmas joy and hope. He extinguished all the candles but one, and went to his own room. Soon darkness reigned in his chamber, and he was dreaming of a beautiful Christmas-tree which reached from earth to Heaven.

The next morning the voice of the professor, as he called Frau Marx, had a quick, happy tone, and as she came in he greeted her with these words: "Merry Christmas, Frau Marx! Your little girl—what is her name?—Mary, quite right!—came in here last evening like a real Christmas angel, and lighted a candle for me. Since then the future has seemed very differently to me. I am too lonely here, so I have invited some guests, which will necessitate a complete household. Do you understand me, good lady? Please get things in order in the house, the kitchen and cellar, and engage a cook as soon as possible."

Then he stopped to give the astonished woman time to collect her thoughts, unlocked his drawer, took out a gold piece, and said: "We will talk about all these things at another time. Take this to little Mary."

As the child came in holding her mother's hand,

she was much shyer than his little Christmas messenger of the day before.

The professor stroked her blonde hair with his white hand, and said kindly: "To-day there is no Christmas-market, and I cannot buy anything for you, for which I am very sorry; but you must have a Christmas gift, and your mother will get it with this shining gold piece. So, my little child, be happy! Can you not sing me a Christmas song?"

The little girl then began the following hymn, with a voice clear as a bell:

"In a manger laid so lowly  
Came the Prince of Peace to earth,  
While a choir of angels holy  
Sang to celebrate His birth.  
'Glory in the highest,'  
Sang the glad angelic strain;  
'Glory in the highest,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

The professor had folded his hands, as if in church, during the song, and as she finished he unclasped them, and reached his right toward Mary with a friendly nod. The rosy child's lips pressed a kiss of gratitude upon it, the little fingers closed over the gold piece, and she sprang away with all the joy which Christmas brings.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A YEAR LATER.

ANOTHER year has passed, and with the previous spring there had come new life and joy into the professor's house. The old man was no longer solitary, but a beloved father and grandfather. Again had come cold Christmas weather, and all Christendom had become children. There were also in the professor's house secrets and mysteries in abundance. Not only was the library closed at an unaccustomed hour, and the key of the study withdrawn, but also the room where mamma was preparing Christmas things was closed.

Now something entirely new happened; the old man went to the Christmas-market to purchase presents. In the afternoon he asked his daughter to assist him in arranging the great Christmas-tree, "which reached from earth to Heaven." They first arranged all the grandfather's presents; on the right there was an immense stall of horses, with a hay-loft, a harness and coachman's room; on the left was a large doll's house, two stories in height, and beautifully furnished. They hung upon the tree beautiful and useful things, such as warm clothes, fur cape, picture-books, sheets of paper with illustrated stories, colored boxes, sleds and skates.

As everything was now in order, the old man was asked to go into the children's room, that the time might not seem so long to any of them. After he had gone, Eberhard looked out between the half-opened door to see if the way were clear, and then brought something into the room which was entirely covered up. Then the knocking, hammering and whispering commenced anew.

At last all was ready, even to the side table for little Mary and Frau Marx. The clock struck; in came the old man, holding a little child by each hand, dazzled by the glittering, floating, trembling sea of lights. All looked toward him as if he were the only child in the house; for as both the children knew of the secret, they joyfully sacrificed their own desires, and drew their grandfather toward the place where the mirror once hung. There glittered a wreath of tapers, and in the middle a life-size portrait of his beautiful young wife, with a glorified expression; under this hung another, a lovely girl's face, with laughing mouth and beaming eyes.

As the old man saw them, his breath stopped; he stretched out his arms as if they had returned to him, and cried: "Marianna! Linda!" At the same moment he felt himself surrounded by eight arms, and Herman said: "But here we all are together."

With these joyful words the spell was broken; the children's shouts began, Mary and her mother were called in, and the professor led the little child to her richly-provided table. In the centre was a ginger-cake, with a green lighted taper, and he laughingly said: "Last Christmas you gave me a candle which has burned brighter and clearer until now. To-day it burns for you."

While all were full of joy, the old man took a case from his writing-table, opened it, and took out a gold chain with a sparkling diamond cross attached to it. He went to his daughter-in-law and said: "Bend your head a little, Flora. You have not only grown above my head, but around my heart."

She blushing complied with his request. He hung the family jewels around her neck, and she threw both arms around his. Then he led her to the mirror, and the children exclaimed: "How beautiful our mamma is!" then sprang upon a chair to admire her in the glass.

This was the happiest, most blessed Christmas Eve that the old man ever spent.

Soon the children went to bed, and the three happy, united ones sat around the fire and talked awhile, as the professor wished again to hear the Christmas bells. As the first joyful peal rang out on the still air, he arose and said, deeply moved: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Soon the house was wrapped in quiet slumber, save that the old man, before he retired to bed, went once more to look at the portraits which his son's much-reviled art had called to life. From his inmost soul he softly whispered: "No more a lonely old man! God, I thank Thee!" Then he sought his room, and an expression of holy joy rested on his face.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and is upon our lips and ready to drop out before we are aware; but falsehood is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one untruth needs a great many more to make it good.

## A NEW HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES IN WINTER.

MOST invalids with a tendency to pulmonary disease, naturally think of low situations in a warm climate—tropical or sub-tropical—for a winter home; some sunny sea-girt island, the land of the Nile above the first cataract, Nice, Mentone, some station on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. But this new resort, which not only promises soothing, but strength and vitality; not only alleviation, but cure, is very different in its conditions from these. It is on the mountains, not less than five thousand two hundred feet above the sea, situated in the midst of snows and ice—the Alpine district of Davos, lying about parallel with the Upper Engadine on one side, and the Rheinthal on the other. Its broad valley is comparatively sheltered from the winds, except in summer and during the blustering days of March. In winter the valley-wind, which blows regularly every summer morning, is stilled, and the air and sky are often perfectly serene.

The pure mountain air, clear, vitalizing, strengthening as new wine, and the sunshine, are the health-giving agents of this place. The patients should go in August, to gain sufficient strength to exercise constantly, and to test the suitability of the climate to his state of health. If he thinks it best to leave, a five hours' drive will bring him to the railway station at Landquart, but if he concludes to stay, he must decide to adopt the simple reliance on the life-giving air, which surrounds him like a calm aerial sea, sitting in the open sunshine, walking at first a little on the level, then up-hill, until at last four or five hours are spent in long, delicious rambles. Fever, cough, blood-spitting, gradually pass away; the torture, laboring lungs are healed; cool, quiet nights of refreshing sleep succeed the tedious tossing for restless hours, and you begin to feel as it were the Spirit of God breathing the breath of life into your whole being. The transparent, dry cold of the air invigorates your whole system, sifts through and through every fibre, till you are, as it were, made anew, and understand the physical rapture of simple life which is unknown to weakness and exhaustion.

The Swiss port is so arranged that letters, books, and parcels arrive from London in forty-eight hours; and many persons, chiefly German, but also Russians, Danes, Belgians, and even English and Americans, now frequent this station. There are good physicians, many excellent hotels under medical inspection, every comfort of life in the way of food, for which the keen mountain air soon gives you a hearty appetite, pure vintage, and good rooms. But it is certainly a quiet life, and it would be well to provide yourself with companionship and resources of your own, such as books, drawing, some quiet and easy occupation for the winter months. It will be found that neither snow or cold will incapacitate you for exercise, for cold is rarely taken in this dry, bracing atmosphere; you may walk for hours in almost all states of weather, and sledding, skating or the Canadian amusement of "to bogging" become charming

when every nerve is tingling with the feeling of life. The sunshine is precious as well as the air, and the first gleams of it should be gained by early rising, and you will find after a day spent in outdoor pursuits from dawn, the early sleep will become delightful in its perfect rest.

All the surroundings of the place are picturesque—the quaint, toy-like *chalets* the tall, sharp church-spire, the Rath-haus of the village, the great solid farm-houses in the country. The larches and fir-woods exhale a delightful, strong, aromatic odor. The people are quiet, simple peasant folk, entertaining you often by their strange unlikeness to our restless, busy people. The whole valley is like a fairy realm of enchantment in the season of snow and ice, exquisite ferns of frost, glittering in the pure light, are seen in the meadows, icicles hang from eaves and mill-wheels, like rubies, topazes or emeralds in the sunshine; through the transparent ice of the lake you can see the fishes swimming underneath, except where the frost has woven over the icy surface a picture of flowers, and vines, and tropical gardens of palms. Then the snow, with its soft, billowy folds and curves, makes the whole landscape a dream of beauty, especially when the full moon arises in a dark blue sky, so radiant in its light above, that between the silver moonlight and the whiteness of the snow it is so bright you could read a letter or a book even in fine type with perfect ease.

Of course, in this clear, fine air, all the sky phenomena are glorious—all colors have a purity and radiance one can scarcely realize elsewhere. The sunsets pour their waves of triumphant crimson and gold against the snowy Alpine peaks, until they seem to glow and burn with a heavenly fire. Then they slowly fade away into a clear, spiritual, colorless sky, and suddenly the after-glow flushes in the heavens toward the east with daffodil, primrose and sapphire, until the west is again suffused with an ethereal glory like liquid gems. Over all the moon and Venus will hang like drops of silver.

After the first of April, it would be best to depart, for then comes the wretched time of slush, and thaw, and chills. It is wisest to go at first to some intermediate station—like Geneva and Como—instead of the moist plains below, for one misses the dryness, and vigor, and purity of the perfect mountain atmosphere, so that he will feel uncomfortably enervated and languid, unless the process of descent is broken for him. “The subtle, all pervasive stimulus” of the air is gone; but after the invalid becomes accustomed to the change, he will begin to realize that he has gained so much fresh vitality and strength, that he is now scarcely an invalid, and may look forward not only to lingering life, but to enjoyment, and energy, and pleasure in occupation and finished work.

The mental anxieties and trivial cares, the phantom-like worries of the mind, which even a strong will cannot shake off when the whole body is debilitated, will disappear, and the whole world, beheld from the pure, high region of mountain thought will seem to be

created anew. Hope, that all-vitalizing faculty, which lifts up with ease the heaviest burden, is very closely linked to bodily strength and ease.

E. F. M.

### A GOOD SERMON TO A SMALL AUDIENCE.

A STORY is told of Lyman Beecher that is worth recording, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in midwinter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the road, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, look about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services—praying, singing, preaching and the benediction—with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his “congregation,” but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Traveling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name.

“I do not remember you,” said the doctor.

“I suppose not,” said the stranger; “but we spent two hours together in a house alone once, in a storm.”

“I do not recall it, sir,” added the old man; “pray, when was it?”

“Do you not remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?”

“Yes, sir,” said the doctor, grasping his hand, “I do indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since.”

“I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio.”

THE thought that “no one cares and no one knows” blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at her piano, give what praise you can; for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have “established their feet.”

## LENOX DARE:

## THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

And without the agony and the struggle, never man that was worth calling man came to his full stature.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

ROBERT BERESFORD laid down his brush; he had put the finishing touches to his picture.

If you have ever written a poem, painted a landscape, shaped a statue, wrought out in some form of grace and beauty the ideal vision within you, you will have some notion of the young man's feeling at this moment. For he, too, had fairly earned the artist's satisfaction in his finished work; he had put the best that was in him on that small square of canvas; he had given to it hours out of the heart of several days—thoughtful, patient, pains-taking hours, without which no real work is ever accomplished.

It had been a work of love with him, too, where the heart had inspired the brain. Robert Beresford might paint better pictures in the future—he hoped to, certainly—but he knew that bit of drawing and color would always hold something intimate and precious to him which the others must lack, though they brought him the fame and honors he coveted with a young man's ardor.

He turned away his eyes, wearied with their long strain, to rest them a moment, before he took a last critical survey of his work. Then suddenly, almost as in a vision, the beauty of the morning burst upon him.

Robert Beresford drew a deep breath, and rose from his camp-stool, pushing that hastily aside. What a dim, lovely, poetic place that old wood was! he thought to himself, as he gazed around him. He drank in the deep stillness, the quivering sunbeams, the world of summer greenery, the beautiful wildness all about him, and overhead the sky in its trance of joyous, cloudless morning blue. Of a sudden, some old lines of Spenser's sang up sweet as a lark in his memory. He had not thought of them for years. It seemed to him now that the ancient English had grown richer and mellower for all this time that it had lain forgotten in his memory, like old wine in dark, cobwebbed cellars. He almost felt himself on enchanted ground. The green, dusky depths of the old wood seemed to stretch before him in endless vistas of mystery and beauty. The voices of winds among the leaves were like voices in dreams. The shadowy places were still damp with the dews; the fragrant morning air was still cool with them. The beauty and gladness all around were the beauty and gladness of midsummer.

The place where the young painter stood was in the heart of a deep, wooded glen or ravine, which lay half a mile wide between the hills. These fell

on one side, to the bottom, in a series of natural terraces, which made the descent as picturesque as it was easy; on the other side the precipice rose steep and bold for a hundred feet to the summit, where a road wound past just on the edge of the green gulf. Up the sides of this precipice waved dark pines, and mighty oaks, and far-branching cedars; but there were large spaces where the rocks stood out in great, bare, frowning ledges.

Robert Beresford had been making a study of a bit of this glen. It lay there on the small easel at his feet, biding its time, while he stood drinking in with the strong, glad soul of young manhood the glory and beauty around him. It was a picture of an old, moss-covered trunk lying across a little mountain-brook. A narrow footpath wound away from the bright sunlight into the soft purple shadows of the woods. The blue, shallow water of the brook, the wet stones in the foreground, were rendered with delicate observation and fidelity. The sky, too, had the tender depth of a late summer afternoon sky. There was no careless treatment of form or color anywhere. Yet this would not prove to a critic that the stuff of a great artist was in the painter. The work, perhaps, was only that of a clever amateur.

The singing of a little mountain-stream over the stones not far away, reminded young Beresford that he was thirsty. He drew a small drinking-flask from his pocket, and started with long strides for the brook, leaving easel and picture, palette and camp-stool, behind him.

If you had happened to see him as he moved away into the shadows, something about him would have struck you as it did everybody who saw him for the first time. This could not have been simply because he was a tall, lithe-limbed young fellow of barely twenty-five, nor because of his finely-shaped head, nor because of his face, which would have been handsome with those well-moulded features, even had it lacked its rare and noble expression; nor could it have been because his clustering hair and thick beard of tawny-brown gave to Robert Beresford a certain striking, picturesque air.

All these, no doubt, had their share in contributing to the impression which he was certain to make upon strangers; but the heart of the secret was not in these surface things. There was, in the young fellow's bearing, an air of pride, and strength, and courage—a something which made one think of Apollo and the morning. Robert Beresford seemed at this time a splendid type of strong, vigorous, fearless young manhood. It did one good to look at him.

As for his dress, that was the simplest imaginable—a traveling suit of dark gray, surmounted by a broad-rimmed straw hat—not a gleam of an ornament about him.

Somebody had been watching young Beresford before he had risen from his camp-stool. A little girl, coming along the road at the top of the hill with a basket of low-vine blackberries she had been gathering in the woods that morning, had leaned over the low fence and looked down into the heart of

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the glen. She saw the painter sitting there with his easel before him, and his palette in one hand. The sight was evidently a novel one to her. She watched the artist and his work with the still intentness of a wild animal, her eyes riveted, her lips a little apart, her very breath hardly coming through them. She was a sunburnt, rather scrawny, rather rumped-looking girl, whom one at a glance would have taken for twelve years old, though she was in reality past fifteen. She wore a hat of coarse brown straw, with a faded purple ribbon across the crown; her dress, of light, striped gingham, had not been improved by scrambling among the bushes and vines; the thorns had scratched and the berries had stained it, as they had also the thin brown fingers. The only remarkable thing about the girl was her eyes. They were large and brown, and full of wonderful, shifting lights, as though a restless, eager but undeveloped soul looked out of them. They had their own times, too, of still, steady radiance, when, if you had seen them, you would have thought of stars shining bright over wide, burning deserts or frozen northern seas.

The girl, leaning over the fence which bordered the glen, her basket of berries carelessly poised in one hand, watched Robert Beresford as he rose up, took the drinking-flask from his pocket, and started for the spring. She guessed his errand in a moment. Then a devouring curiosity took possession of her to see the picture which he had left on the easel. If she could only get down there and have one good look at it before he came back! She glanced along the precipice. The steep height, the perilous footing, would have daunted most gazers; but the girl was lithe of limb, and sure of foot, and swift of eye. At another time she might, perhaps, have hesitated; but now an uncontrollable curiosity forced her on. Without stopping for a second thought, she tightened her grasp on the handle of her berry-basket, swung her small, lithe form over the low fence, and set out on her perilous descent.

She kept her footing marvelously, sliding and scrambling from point to point, now steadying herself by some decaying stump that stood in her way, slipping among broken shelves of rock, catching hold of branches of trees, or twigs of bushes, or great boulders, and so swinging herself down the precipice with wonderful swiftness. Indeed, she was actually more than half way down, when she came upon a huge, decaying trunk of an old tree. Some storm long ago had hurled the mighty thing to the ground, and there it lay, a red, slippery, rotting mass, right in the girl's path. At another time she would have avoided it, but her blind haste made her reckless, and every moment was precious. She set her feet on the shining, spongy mass. With the second step they slipped; there was nothing to cling to; the trunk lay at a very steep incline. The girl went down with a little gasping cry. She rolled over; there was nothing to break her fall but a few slender bushes, at which she clutched desperately; but they did not hold. Perhaps she could have stayed herself, had

she not, through all the fright and struggle, clung with a blind instinct to her basket of berries. As it was, she rolled down, down to the foot of the glen, and fell with her whole weight upon the slender easel, upsetting and breaking that, while the berries, overturning, streamed after it.

The girl lay still a few moments, half-stunned by a fall of thirty feet. It seemed a miracle that none of her bones were broken; but though she was a good deal scratched and bruised, she was not seriously hurt. As soon as the first shock and fright were over, she lifted her head and gazed about her in a dazed sort of way. She saw the broken easel, the scattered tubes of paint, the stream of overturned berries, and then, in a little hollow on her right, she saw something else which sent her heart into her throat, and made her forget all about her fall. It was a small square of canvas hanging to a low bush, covered with large, sharp thorns. Some stones, suddenly dislodged, had crushed the canvas down on a branch bristling all over with these great, thorny spikes. In a moment, with a blind impulse of rescue which made her forget all about her own plight, the girl sprang to her feet, darted into the hollow, and caught at the canvas. It was a work of some seconds to disengage it from the thorns. Then she turned it over, and found—what she had expected—the picture that had stood on the broken easel, its colors not yet dry. But thorns had pierced the canvas in several places, and one had made a long, jagged rent in the centre—the work on which the artist had spent so much loving toil of heart, and hand, and brain. The beautiful picture was ruined!

The girl gave one low cry of dismay, then stood still, as though she had been turned to stone, grasping the picture with both hands, staring at it with white face, and bated breath, and scared eyes.

In a few moments the rapid strides of the owner could be heard as he returned, humming some merry old college roundelay. He stopped short and stood still when he saw the girl. In his first bewilderment he half-fancied some wild creature of the woods, some oread that haunted the mountains, had arisen before him; then he caught sight of his shattered easel on the ground, and dashed forward.

In her dismay, the girl had not heard his footsteps, but before he had spoken, before she was otherwise aware of his presence, she felt his great shadow darken over her. One glance at the picture in her hand told the whole story.

Robert Beresford's besetting sin all his life had been the fierce temper he had inherited from his ancestors. In the shock and grief which followed that first glance at his ruined picture, the strong man's lips grew white, and a little, half-stifled moan broke from them. Then a mighty rage flamed through him toward the girl whose mischief or malice, as he believed, had wrought all this loss and grief for him.

In that instant of blind wrath he lifted his hand to fell her to the ground. Probably some feeling of her sex restrained the blow, even in that flash of cul-

minating wrath, for the hand only dropped and rested like a weight of iron on her shoulder.

"How dared you do that?" he demanded, in a low, threatening voice between his closed teeth.

The girl looked up. The tall, strong man, the stern face, the wrath that fell on her from those flaring eyes, struck her dumb with terror. She feared he was going to kill her. She could not move or utter a syllable; she only stood still, staring at him with those great, wild, riveted eyes.

Her silence, her stare, seemed to Robert Beresford only an aggravated outrage, a cool, obstinate defiance. At any other time he would not, with his usually clear insight, have made this mistake; but the girl who had worked such irreparable harm seemed, in his eyes, a little brown, weird incarnation of evil. He really believed that she had deliberately spoiled his picture, else there could be no excuse for what followed.

"Answer me!" he cried, shaking the girl half-fiercely in his strong grasp. "If you were a boy I would give you the horse-whipping you richly deserve!"

The slight figure shook from head to foot in that iron clutch, but no words came from the dry throat, only a kind of convulsive sob, and the obstinate silence only confirmed young Beresford's impression.

Again that fierce impulse to strike the girl came over him. It was all he could do to master it. "Get out of my sight!" he said, in a voice that had in it a low, threatening sound like distant thunder, and he pushed her from him. She staggered, and just escaped falling. The picture dropped from her hands. Each turned, with a common impulse, and looked at it. It was a cruel sight. It hurt the young painter to the soul. There, on the ground, lay the mutilated, spoiled thing to which he had given so many hopes and dreams; every touch of which had been made with some happy, tender thought. The picture was like a part of himself, defaced and ruined. I suppose no one but an artist and a lover can enter into the bitterness of his feelings at that moment.

Robert Beresford bent down suddenly, caught up the canvas, tore it fiercely into fragments, and tossed them on the air. The girl watched him all the time with eyes full of a frightened, fascinated sort of stare. Then he turned, without saying another word, and strode rapidly off. He left his easel and his paints lying on the grass; he never wanted to see them again; the lovely glen had grown hateful to him.

He had not, however, advanced far among the shadowy wood-paths, when the girl on whom he had just turned his back, sprang, panting, breathless, before him; her face was very white, and had not wholly lost its scared look, but she lifted one hand with a half-beseeching, half-imperious gesture. "You must hear what I say," she cried, with a kind of fierce passion. "You *shall* hear it. I didn't *mean* to spoil your picture. I only wanted to look at it. But I stumbled and fell, when I came down the mountain." Her voice was steady and distinct, as she said these words. Neither that nor her strange, dark eyes once

faltered as she gazed up at young Beresford; nobody could doubt that she was telling the truth. But the courage that had brought her to this point, suddenly failed her. All the fright and grief of the scene with the painter, had carried the shy girl out of herself, but that impulse could not last, and now, with a low cry, half of wonder and half of fear at what she had done, she turned and fled, light and swift, as she had come.

Robert Beresford kept on awhile through the still winding foot-paths which led out of the glen. The brown wavering shadows, the golden lights that quivered among them had no more any charm for him; yet, as he walked, the young man was slowly coming to himself. The girl's words had reached his soul, through all the storm of anger and grief which raged there; he could not doubt that she had told the truth. In a flash the whole thing grew clear to him. It had never entered into his thought to inquire how the brown, weird creature got into the heart of that lonely glen. She might have sprung out of the ground like the armed men of the old Greek legend, for all he knew. But he saw now, that however fatal her accident had been to his picture, she was innocent of any intentional harm. To think of anything human coming down that mountain-precipice! The wonder was, not that she had spoiled his picture, but that she had saved her neck. He had been unjust—harsh—cruel to her—a girl!

Robert Beresford winced at that. He went on with rapid, impetuous strides, along the narrow, climbing foot-paths, over the rough stones and the slippery pine-needles. A sharp self-reproach, a sharper remorse took possession of him. In a little while it had quite mastered all his grief at the loss of his picture.

He, Robert Beresford, had failed to be a gentleman! That thought stung as it could only sting a nature, fine and noble at bottom. For this young painter had high ideals and fine insight. Whatsoever was splendid in courage, whatsoever was beautiful in purity, whatsoever was lovely in the tenderness and gentleness of power and strength, had been early revealed to his soul. All high thoughts and noble aims of great and good men, all large and shining ideals had stirred his young, ardent soul; a true or noble sentiment thrilled him with joy, like the sound of a trumpet; and he was quite too clear-headed and true-hearted, not to see that no shining ideals, no lofty sentiments were worth anything if they did not pass into true and beautiful action.

Robert Beresford meant to be a gentleman in all the finest meanings of that grand old word, and now an awful sense of loss and failure overcame him!

The spoiling of his picture began to seem a very small thing to him, beside the terrible consciousness that confronted his soul. He had failed himself. That wild-beast of a temper, which he had throttled in many a life-and-death struggle had leaped up once more, and proved that it still was his master. He had dared to lay his hand on a helpless girl; he had actually come near striking her to the earth.

At that thought, a cold sweat seemed to start all over him. He threw himself down on the grass with an intolerable sense of humiliation and self-loathing. How the loss of his picture dwindled beside the fact of his own lost self-respect and manliness! And he had dared to dream of offering himself to the sweetest and loveliest of women—he who had just insulted all womanhood, in the shape of that girl! It made no difference that she rose before him now, weird, unkempt, homely. She was a girl, and he was a man, and by virtue of his manhood, he owed her gentle treatment and kindly courtesy. How could he ever look in the face the woman he loved best in the world, knowing that he had behaved to one of her sex like a brute!

Thoughts like these crowded on Robert Beresford's soul, as he sat there while the summer-winds rustled softly among the leaves of the old birch-tree over his head. "If he could only free himself from the torturing sense of humiliation which clung to him! Was there nothing he could do?" young Beresford asked himself. The next moment he sprang to his feet. His eyes of darkest luminous gray were full of a new light, a sudden purpose drew the fine curve of his lips into a straight line.

"Thank God, there was this grace for a man!" thought Robert Beresford. "When he had done a wrong thing, he could honestly acknowledge it, and by this act, his nobler self would repudiate his lower." The next moment, in a passion of haste and eagerness, he was retracing the mountain-path to find the girl, who, half an hour ago, had fled from him in mortal terror.

His search was not a long one. She had gone only a short distance from the scene of the accident where, quite worn out with all she had just gone through, she had flung herself down at the roots of a kingly old pine-tree, where the shadows closed all around her. She had not shed a tear, as most girls, under the circumstances, would have done. Her face was pale, and there was a slight twitching about her mouth, and a cold chill went through her at times. All that had happened, had evidently shaken the slight brown creature, though she sat quite still, her head bent over hands that, stained with berries and torn with briars, lay in her lap.

She sprang to her feet with a low cry, when she heard the young painter's footsteps beside her. There was a look of hunted terror in her great eyes when they first glanced up in his face. The sight cut him to the soul. To think that any human thing—a girl especially—should have cause to look at him with such eyes!

The young man, stately as a cedar, with some look of Apollo, some air of the northern Viking in his face and bearing, took off his hat, and spoke gently and humbly to the brown, scrawny girl before him. "I was very rude to you just now; I am very sorry—very much ashamed of myself. I have come back to apologize for my behavior. Perhaps it will seem less offensive to you, if I tell you that the picture was very dear to me, and its loss came upon me so sud-

denly, that I hardly knew what I said or did. Can you forgive me?"

While he was speaking, the girl stared at him steadily with great, strained, puzzled eyes, whose expression changed slowly from fear to bewilderment. Robert Beresford stood still, waiting for her answer.

It came at last, a little, low, fluttering "Yes." It seemed spoken less to him than to something else: some doubt or question in her own soul.

"But I cannot be content to have you say it in that way," continued the young man. "My conduct now seems quite monstrous to me. If you will only put your hand in mine, and say, 'I forgive you from my heart!' I shall feel better."

As he said this, young Beresford smiled down on the girl, and put out his hand. In man or woman a smile like his was rare.

The girl placed her thin, berry-stained fingers in his soft white palm. The strange, puzzled look was in her eyes still, yet, this time she repeated his words steadily and clearly. "I forgive you from my heart!"

Something in the quality of her voice, struck the young man. He had not once dreamed this rustic child could enter into the soul of his words—not dreamed she could penetrate, in the faintest degree, to the feelings and motives which had prompted his apology. But she was the representative of the womanhood he had outraged. It was to that, and to his own ideals that he had been speaking. Her voice, however, startled him. It did not seem to belong to her. He looked at her now, curiously. But there was nothing in her appearance to strike him, except those dark, dilated eyes with something—he could not tell what—in their depths. Did the shifting lights and shadows he saw there mean anything but vague confusion and amazement?

Robert Beresford was not certain; so he only said, "Thank you. You have taken an immense weight off me." And he put his hand in his pocket with an impulse of offering the child—he could not have imagined she was more than twelve years old—some money, but again those strange eyes restrained him, and probably caused his next question: "Will you please tell me your name?"

"Lenox Dare."

The name struck him. It had a quaint, pleasant sound, he thought, and he looked curiously at the girl to find whether, in some subtle way, it suited her.

"Will you tell me where you live?" he asked.

"In the house by the toll-gate, at the corner of Hemlock Lane."

"Ah, yes, I remember—passed it only yesterday," and it occurred to him just then that he was going next day to the town, ten miles off, and that he would hunt up some present likely to please the fancy of a girl of this age. He would carry his gift to the toll-house and give it to Lenox, with some kindly words. He really felt that he owed the child something more than an apology for the harsh way in which he had treated her.

At that moment, however, there came a loud halloo

up the brake, and young Beresford started, listened a moment, and answered it with a shout.

"Ha, old fellow, I've run you to earth at last!" called a loud, triumphant voice. "I've been on your track, through this primeval wilderness, for the last two hours!" and the next moment, the figure of a young huntsman, with a gun on his shoulder, emerged from the thicket a little distance off. He was staring eagerly around him.

"I must go to my friend," said Robert Beresford, and he lifted his hat, and bade the girl good morning.

The huntsman would be taken by surprise at his friend's companion, and the artist was in no mood for curious questions or light jests that morning.

Lenox Dare sat alone where the young man had left her, at the feet of the mighty pine. For some minutes she hardly moved, except when her thin fingers worked nervously in and out of each other. I have said she had not shed a tear through all the cruel excitement through which she had passed; but now the slow drops gathered in her great eyes, and poured over her cheeks, and dropped on her restless fingers. Then suddenly they burst in a storm. The slight frame shook as leaves shake in summer tempests. How that girl did cry! The noon waxed, the heats grew fervid, but she sat there in the shadows of the old pine, utterly oblivious of how the day was going by her. Sometimes she would spring suddenly to her feet and pace back and forth in an aimless, passionate way. At these times she would have made you think of some caged animal panting for its native deserts. Then she would throw herself down at the foot of the tree, and break again into that long, wild sobbing.

Lenox Dare wept away something of her childhood in those hours. Years afterward she said to her friend, when for the first time she related the story of this day: "That man spoke to the slumbering soul within me. Not knowing it himself, he called to the silent ideal that arose and answered him. Had it not been for him, I should have gone on, for years it may be, groping and helpless as before."

I believe she was mistaken when she said this. I think the time had come for the fine forces of her nature to assert themselves. They would have groped their way to the light had Robert Beresford never crossed her path. But the change and wrench would not have been so sudden, so convulsive. For the little girl who went to gather blackberries in the woods that morning was never the same after that day. A new wind of life had blown upon her soul.

Robert Beresford had spoken to her as he would to a lady, as he might to a princess. Nobody had ever spoken to Lenox Dare in that way before. It was singular that the child's native instinct penetrated at once to the heart of his speech. She understood the meaning and spirit of his apology, though she could not have put her consciousness into words.

The long summer afternoon waned and grew into

twilight, and after the sun had gone down behind the hills in a great pomp of burning clouds, the golden sickle of a new moon shone in the sky. Then Lenox Dare, worn out with the day's passion, discovered that the night had come, took up her empty berry-basket and started for home. The shadows had grown very black in the glen before she emerged from it into the highway. She was still more than a mile from the toll-gate. But she stood quite still, looking up, with her great, wistful eyes, at that slender rim of moon, around which trailed some long, gray streamers of clouds. Then a change came over the girl's face; a new life, a mighty purpose, flashed in it, a great dazzling light rose and shone steadily in her eyes. She looked down at herself with a sort of pitying contempt. Then her head poised itself with some new grace on the slender shoulders, and her voice rung out brave, and clear, and sweet as a flute that rings in the heart of summer forests: "I will be worthy to be treated like that! I will be the lady that man meant when he spoke to me!"

What a resolute little face it was! What a glory shone out of the eyes! What a purpose riveted the childish lips!

Lenox Dare could never afterward see a young moon with gray, trailing clouds about it, without that night, when she stood on the lonely highway at the mouth of the glen, and made the resolve which shaped all her future, coming back to her.

And now, my reader, if you can think of that slight, young figure standing there in its ignorance and helplessness in the lonely highway; if you can think of the cold and frowning side which the world—so fair and soft to its favorites—keeps for her and her kind; if you can think of the struggle, the groping, the pain, before she can make herself into the lady God meant her, which was in His thoughts when He gave her her birthright, and if your heart is not stirred with a great pity, then my story is not for you. Into the winding paths where her future shall open, seek not to follow Lenox Dare. Lay aside the book that brings no message to you.

By that same young moonlight Robert Beresford was walking among shrubby-shaded paths which wound through the lawns and past the arbors of the quiet mountain hotel where he had spent the last weeks. The bloom of rare flower-beds filled the summer night with sweetness. In the dim moonlight in the soft stillness, Robert Beresford was not walking alone. A slender, graceful girl hung on his arm. In her brown hair there was a glow like sunbeams, in her blue eyes a shining gladness like that of stars, in her cheek a color like the bloom in the heart of pink roses.

Young Beresford was talking. Almost against his will, he found himself telling the woman by his side the story of that morning, of the cruel fate that had befallen the picture he had made of the mossy old trunk by the blue, shallow brook where they had sat together a week ago. "Did she remember it?" he wondered.



"Of course she did." And as she spoke, the starry eyes shone on him. "What a wild, delightful adventure it all was—what a cruel fate that his painting should be spoiled by that wild young hoiden!"

The look, the words, drew young Beresford on to speak further. He related how, in the first surprise and grief, a devil of rage had taken up and overmastered him; he went over the whole scene in the glen—how he had destroyed the picture and rushed away in wrath and despair; how the girl had followed him, and he had learned the truth; and how, when he came to himself, and saw his own injustice and cruelty, he had gone back and made what atonement he could.

No generous-souled woman could have listened to the story unmoved. The bright eyes which shone on him in the dim moonlight when he paused glimmered through tears.

That sight drew the young man on to speak again. He told what a work of love the picture had been; how, above it, inspiring him all these days, had glimmered the vision of a beautiful face; how he had intended to place the finished sketch in the hands of the woman for whose sake it had been made. He had dared to think that the fitting moments for telling her of the revelation which flashed upon his soul as they sat together on the mossy trunk above the shallow, singing brook. But how could he, so lately harsh and cruel to a weak, helpless girl, presume to offer himself to the loveliest among women! Would she not, knowing the truth, refuse and despise him?

It was a strange wooing! The girl on Robert Beresford's arm had had lovers before; but not one who would have talked like this. How weak and vapid all their pretty flatteries seemed now! How small and mean the men themselves dwindled in the shadow of this grand hero, this lofty, ideal man who walked by her side!

Robert Beresford's story had lifted Stacey Meredith to a higher mood. She stood still. The starry eyes, full of admiring tenderness, gazed steadily in the young man's face. The maiden's answer was calm and solemn, as became her lover's question.

"No, Robert Beresford, she would not refuse or despise you. She would be the proudest, happiest woman alive!"

So, in the shrubbery-shaded, flower-scented paths, Robert Beresford and Stacey Meredith were betrothed.

The new joy that flooded their souls that night could spare something for others. Stacey could afford to forgive even the "young hoiden" who had spoiled her lover's picture. It was agreed between the two that they would drive into town the next day, and that the lady should herself select the gift they would carry to the toll-gate for the little girl whose life-path had, at this juncture, so strangely crossed their own.

But when they reached the hotel that night, Stacey found a telegram awaiting her. Her father had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

The next morning she left for the city. Robert Beresford accompanied her only part of the way.

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That time of anxiety and grief was no fitting one to declare their engagement; and young Beresford was obliged to resign his betrothed to her friends, and fulfill his long-deferred promise of joining some cousins at the sea-shore.

So Lenox Dare never got her present.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. ABIJAH CRANE was a pessimist. Not that she would have had the faintest idea of the meaning of the word, and she would have resented the appellation, imagining it implied some form of paganism. But for all that, her views of the world in general, and of her own life in particular, were of the most sombre kind. She was a small, rather sharp-featured woman, with a face that might have been pretty in its fresh youth, but was fallow and faded now, and had, at most times, a depressed, dissatisfied expression. She drank strong tea, and was inclined to hysterics. She had been for more than ten years the second wife of Abijah Crane; himself, for the last five, the keeper of the toll-gate. Mrs. Crane felt very much humiliated by her position, and regarded her second marriage as the mistake of her life, as well as the source of all her ill-fortunes. She was fond of alluding to her first marriage with a deeply-drawn sigh and a melancholy shake of the head, as the golden period of her life. That blissful epoch, however, had been limited to a single year, and those who ought to know insisted that Colonel Marvell would never have entered into his last marriage had not paralysis and old age reduced him to his second childhood.

The ancient bridegroom, near his fourscore years, with the title he had won in his youth by gallant conduct during the war of 1812, observed to the last his air of chivalric courtesy toward his wife. His manners were, in many respects, in striking contrast with those of her second spouse.

Abijah Crane was not precisely a boor: he did not lack at bottom a kind heart, but he was clumsy, and slow, and thriftless. Whatever he attempted in business was sure to result in failure. In a bargain, shrewder brains always got the better of him. He had inherited, at his father's death, a flourishing farm; but the young owner was easily drawn into rash speculations, and mortgages soon devoured his land.

The history of that farm was an epitome of the man's whole business career, and it ended at last with Abijah Crane's sitting in his old age on the little sunny porch by the toll-gate with a clay pipe in his mouth, ready to hold an endless discussion on politics or the crops with the driver of any team who passed that way.

With a man of this sort, the tragedy usually lies in the fate of the woman whose fortunes are bound up with his own. Mrs. Crane could never forget that she had been Mrs. Colonel Marvell, and the contrast between her former state and her present one, as the wife of the toll-gate keeper, was very galling. It did

not improve matters to reflect that her fallen fortunes were largely the result of her own weak credulity. She had, before her marriage with Abijah Crane, allowed him to invest the whole of the small fortune which Colonel Marvell had left her, in some silver mines a few miles from Cherry Hollows, and which, for a year or two, had turned a good many wiser brains than honest Abijah Crane's.

It was the old story. The mines did not yield as the owners had fondly anticipated, and in a little while did not pay for working them.

Colonel Marvell, at his death, had left but one relative—a little grand-niece, not quite five years old. The old man had been very fond of his small, orphan kinswoman, the last of his race. She had dwelt under his roof for more than two years, and her childish prattle always reminded him of the little girl he had lost in his prime; and it was very touching to see how the old man, as his memory failed, confounded the living child with the other, dead almost two-score years ago.

The little girl had been brought by her father, after his young wife's sudden death, to his uncle at Cherry Hollows. The child had been delicate, and the father hoped the air of the old mountain-town where his uncle dwelt would give the puny frame a fresh start. He left her there when he went on business to Nassau for the winter. He stayed too late in the spring. The yellow fever carried him off after a couple of days' illness.

Edward Dare left what, under the right sort of management, would have been a comfortable fortune for his little orphan daughter, away off among the quiet northern hills in the heart of New York State; but there was nobody to attend to the dead man's affairs but poor, old, broken-down Colonel Marvell, who liked to trot her on his knee, and watch the little, dark, wistful face as he told her stories about the war of 1812, and filled her dawning childhood with all sorts of weird legends and pretty tales of the Revolution.

Meanwhile, the little girl's fortune was left to take care of itself. Colonel Marvell could never be made to understand the facts of the case. He died in the belief that his small niece was a considerable heiress, when the truth was that her whole fortune had dwindled away, or fallen into the hands of rascally agents.

Pretty much the same thing might be said of the old man's property. To everybody's amazement he had married his housekeeper the year after his niece came to reside with him. Before his death he made a will, and, under the impression that his small kinswoman was amply provided for, he left everything to his widow. But the old family estate was heavily laden with mortgages, the result of profitless investments in the owner's declining years; so the honor of his name, and what accrued from the sale of the ancient homestead, was about all that fell to Mrs. Colonel Marvell.

We have seen how this remnant of a fortune came into Abijah Crane's hands. The man was a widower,

with several grown-up sons on Western farms. He had been an admirer of Mrs. Marvell's in her youth, and when he called on her in her widowhood, and dilated glowingly on the newly-discovered silver mines, the man devoutly believed every syllable that he uttered. What was of a great deal more consequence, he made Mrs. Marvell believe it, too; but it would be doing the simple, bovine nature great injustice to insinuate that any mercenary motives were at the bottom of Abijah Crane's seeking the widow's hand. In her moments of greatest exasperation, she never hurled that accusation at him. It had been Mrs. Crane's misfortune that the old boyish admiration she had inspired had survived so many years, and ended at last by bringing her to the turnpike at the corner of Hemlock Lane.

It had brought Lenox Dare, Colonel Marvell's little grand-niece, there, too. The old man had solemnly consigned the child to his wife's care on his death-bed; and Mrs. Marvell, when she promised to be a mother to her, meant to keep her word. She had been attached to the child, and had, beside, an uneasy consciousness that she owed her some reparation. Had it not been for his marriage, Lenox would have inherited her uncle's property; and he would certainly have made a will in her favor had he not died in the belief that her father had amply provided for her.

Before her second marriage, Mrs. Marvell had stipulated that Lenox should share her house, and Abijah Crane had promptly assented to this arrangement. It was not in his kindly nature to give the little orphan under his roof a stern word or glance. In his slow, silent way, he was fond of her; and when under ill-fortune, Mrs. Crane's temper soured and her tongue grew sharp, her husband did his best, not always with tact or discretion, to shield Lenox from their effects.

She had been from her babyhood a quaint, odd child; and her whole life, with its surroundings and isolation, had thrown her greatly on herself, and intensified all her peculiarities. The only playfellow she ever had was her great-uncle. She had learned to read—she could not remember how—and books had formed the solace and companionship of her life. She had access to a large store of these, for, through all reverses, her father's and uncle's library had been carefully preserved by Mrs. Crane as a visible sign of the better day on which she loved to expatiate.

Lenox had a marvelous memory; and at fifteen she had read more of the best literature of all ages than one girl in a million. The finest translations of ancient classics, the old English dramatists and authors, were familiar to her as household words. The library held, too, the works of the most famous writers down to her own time. So she fed her lonely young soul on noble and beautiful thoughts and images. These rows of books in the low-roofed, back chamber of the house by the turnpike, and the world out-doors, formed the sole interests of Lenox Dare's life. She was fond of the woods as any of the wild creatures that haunted them. Indeed, she literally

lived out-doors a great part of the time, wandering among the picturesque old roads, the wild glens and wooded hills of Cherry Hollows. No weather ever daunted her, and she only remained in-doors when Mrs. Crane laid her commands on her; then she would betake herself to the old back chamber and seize some volume, and become utterly oblivious to everything outside of its pages.

This out-door life, in the bracing air of the hills, was precisely suited to the frail orphan. Every year she grew stronger and plumper, though at fifteen she was still a slight, undersized creature. Her ignorance of the world, of many of those things which possess vital interest to girls of her age, was almost inconceivable. In the life that Lenox Dare led, there was a good deal unnatural and unwholesome at her years. What would her proud, young father, her refined, beautiful mother have thought of such culture and surroundings for their child? Yet I doubt whether, had any one cared to ask her if she were unhappy, Lenox Dare could, the day before she met young Beresford, have answered in the affirmative. It is true, she had been, all her life, conscious of some vague restlessness and dissatisfaction, which she could not explain, and for which she found no remedy but the books inside the low-roofed chamber, or the "green book" always spread open for her reading out-doors.

Her deepest trouble thus far had been Mrs. Crane's pets and tempers. The soured, disappointed woman too often wreaked her ill-humors on the helpless girl at her mercy. Lenox, with her odd, old, dreaming manner, was a constant perplexity to the toll-keeper's weak, narrow-brained wife. In her paroxysms of ill-temper, she would sharply upbraid the girl with her indolence and stupidity, and fiercely set her at some task impossible for her youth and inexperience to accomplish. Happily these moods were of brief duration, and usually ended in a shower of hysteric tears and complaints over her hard lot, and then Mrs. Crane's skies would clear for days.

Some instinct held Lenox silent during the storm of upbraidings and reproaches. One might almost have fancied at such moments that the girl lacked ordinary sensibilities, as Mrs. Crane sometimes averred. But the young soul was often stabbed by the cruel words. It was also a part of Mrs. Crane's system never to praise Lenox, even when she tried to do her best, and this had a depressing effect on the girl, and made her half-believe all the woman said of her in her worst moods.

Still Mrs. Abijah Crane was not without a conscience and a heart, and these never allowed her long to forget the promise she had made to Lenox's dying uncle. She made herself believe that she bore with Colonel Marvell's grand-niece as she would not had she been her own daughter. She could not see that the heedlessness and impractical ways, which often tried her so sorely, were partly the result of the isolated childhood that had thrown Lenox so completely on her own resources. Mrs. Crane's mind wavered, too, between a doubt whether the child had

ordinary capacity, or was vastly superior to girls of her own age. This uncertainty was at the bottom of a good deal of her contradictory behavior; and her estimate of Lenox, as well as of other things, was liable to be immensely swayed by those who happened to be nearest her at the moment.

Lenox Dare, going home in the dim moonlight, with her empty basket, scarcely thought of Mrs. Crane until she came in sight of the house. It was a small, steep-roofed, two-story building, of a dingy yellow color, and a narrow piazza on one side. The house stood very near the road, but there was a little grass-plot in front, with some lilac and syringa shrubs, and a wild-briar rose-bush made a bright, red-flowering bloom about the front windows. After all, there were worse places to live in than the old toll-gate house, as Abijah Crane sometimes ventured to assure his wife, and that assertion invariably brought down a storm of reproaches about his ears. But the sight of her home recalled to Lenox the errand that had taken her into the woods that morning. She glanced at her empty basket with a look of dismay. She had not once thought of it since she overturned it in the glen. She remembered that Mrs. Crane had set her heart on having some neighbors to tea that afternoon, and that the blackberries, she had been sent to gather early in the morning, were to form an indispensable part of the supper.

Lenox saw at once that Mrs. Crane would be greatly exasperated at her failure to return. The loss of the berries, too, would be a greater offense than her absence. No doubt there would be a scene on her arrival. She never willingly encountered one; yet her life had taught the child a certain philosophy, which made her take Mrs. Crane's explosions of temper as she would any other disagreeable, but inevitable thing. While she never intentionally offended or disobeyed her, Lenox had long ago gauged the forces of the weak, narrow nature too thoroughly to stand in much fear of the woman. She had a certain attachment for Mrs. Crane, which existed side by side with the consciousness that she had moods when it was vain to look for either reason or justice from her.

Lenox found the toll-gate keeper's wife seated in some unusual state, in a large rocking-chair, in one corner of the little sitting-room. It had a pleasant, refined air, with its old-fashioned furniture which had belonged to Colonel Marvell. She wore a dyed black silk and a cap with faded pink ribbons; while her best clothes and the black feather-fan she was solemnly waving to and fro, affected her with an agreeable sense of her own consequence. But when Lenox appeared, the dilatation of Mrs. Crane's small gray eyes was ominous: while she greeted the girl with a stare, intended to transfix her.

Lenox stood still, waiting for Mrs. Crane to begin. She felt too worn to open her own lips before she was addressed; still, that long, portentous stare could not have been pleasant to any young, sensitive nerves.

At last Mrs. Crane spoke in a sepulchral sort of

tone. "What have you to say for yourself, Lenox Dare?"

"I am very sorry that I have disappointed you, Aunt Abigail," answered the quiet, weary voice. "I had gathered the berries, and was coming home with them, but I had a fall—it was in the glen—and I upset every one!"

"What were you doing in the glen?"

The voice kept its sepulchral key, the black fan waved solemnly to and fro.

"Something drew my attention, as I was walking along the road, and after looking over the fence a few moments, I went down the hill, and, on the way I had that dreadful fall, and spilled the berries. It was very rash to go there. I thought there would be plenty of time, Aunt Abigail; at least," correcting herself, "I did not intend to disappoint you."

It was quite impossible for Lenox to relate the events of the day to Mrs. Crane; yet had she done so, she would at once have aroused that lady's interest and mollified her wrath. But Lenox could no more have confided her interview with the artist to this woman than she could have laid bare to her her most sacred thoughts, her palpitating soul. Yet with all her habits of silence and introversion the girl's nature was limpidly truthful; so the meagre, literal facts, which formed her explanation, naturally tended to aggravate her offense in Mrs. Crane's eyes.

Some more of that sepulchral-toned cross-questioning followed, amid solemn waving of the black feathers. It only served to confirm Mrs. Crane's impression of Lenox's culpability. She had lost the berries through her heedlessness, and spent the rest of the day mooning in the woods. And Mrs. Crane had invited company to tea! "Could a Christian woman be called to bear with such outrageous behavior any longer?"

Had Lenox been less wearied and absorbed in her own feelings, she would have perceived that her vague explanations would only be a fresh outrage to Mrs. Crane. But hemmed in as she was by the impossibility of telling the whole story, and her habitual, imborn truthfulness, the girl felt a great sense of relief when she was at last ordered, with a tragic wave of the black fan, from that incensed presence.

It was not, however, a good sign for Lenox that Mrs. Crane had not broken out in angry reproaches, or exploded in a frenzy of hysterics. She sat there a long time in the big chair, rocking herself to and fro, occasionally shaking her head, while the fate of the young girl, over her head sleeping the sound sleep of tired youth, was trembling in the balance. Mrs. Crane was making up her mind what she would do; and she had the obstinacy, the cruelty, the desperation of a weak nature in carrying out her plans. Once her husband looked in upon her with a suggestion that it was about time to retire.

The toll-gate keeper was a man of heavy build, loose-jointed and round-shouldered. His large face, under its gray hair, had a kindly expression, but any shrewd reader of human nature, seeing Abijah Crane, would not wonder at the ill-luck which had

dogged him all his life. He was a foredoomed victim of sharpers, the natural-born prey of cool-headed rogues.

Mrs. Crane replied to her spouse's question by a mysterious and tragic wave of the black fan, which effectually silenced him.

The kerosene-lamp had begun to smoke, and he adjusted that, and retired once more, with a rather muddled expression, to the kitchen, his pipe and his newspaper. There was no accounting for a woman's "freaks," Abijah Crane thought, and he had been too often worsted in an encounter of tongues, not to have learned that silence was his only impregnable defense.

As that afternoon wore on, and Lenox did not appear, and the prospect of berries grew less, Mrs. Crane, in her disappointment and vexation, confided her trouble to her guests. She found eager and sympathetic listeners. The subject, once started, grew interesting. The absent girl had probably never held an hour's conversation with the half-dozen guests in Mrs. Crane's parlor, but each seemed to have some special grudge against her, though each would have been puzzled to tell in what it originated. Once on the scent, however, the chase grew exciting, and poor Lenox Dare was the quarry, hunted down without mercy. How they did pick her to pieces! It was altogether too suggestive of unclean creatures, gathered with greedy eyes around the dying prey. Lenox's odd ways, her absent looks, her shy manner, were all held up to unfriendly criticism, and shamefully exaggerated; while one declared these originated in pride, and another in sullenness and a third maintained she never had the slightest doubt that the girl lacked ordinary wits!

One listening to all this, could not have helped wishing that old Colonel Marvell's ghost would start out from the old-fashioned furniture in some corner, and denounce these slanderers of his little grand-niece!

Yet these women, who had come to an innocent tea-drinking in Mrs. Crane's parlor, would have been aghast had they for a moment realized the prejudice and narrow-mindedness which was at the bottom of all this clack of tongues. Most of them were, at heart, well-meaning souls. They read their Bibles, and said their prayers every night, and went to church on Sundays. Their gossip this afternoon would not be worth recording here, had it not been for the fruit it afterward bore. That is the great evil with gossip. The little fire kindleth a great matter.

Mrs. Crane, like all women of her type, was easily influenced and very susceptible to flattery. It was pleasant to perceive herself an object of general sympathy, to find herself regarded as a kind of martyr for her patience and long-suffering with a wrong-headed and more or less evil-natured girl. She began to regard herself in this light, and in order to sustain this agreeable rôle, she went on and on from one story to another, raking up all Lenox's past, and retailing instances of what seemed her ingratitude and general perversity, while at each fresh recital,



her audience shook their heads and lifted their eyes and hands in horror. By this time Lenox's conduct began to seem something quite indescribable in Mrs. Crane's eyes. Had anybody present volunteered a word in the absent girl's defense, the tide that set so strongly against her might have turned. But nobody present had brain or heart enough to come to her rescue, and Mrs. Crane wondered more and more at her own apathy and meekness in bearing with Lenox Dare.

"If you were in my case now, and had such a girl left on your hands, what would you do with her?" she asked, in a tone expressive of long and meek endurance, as she turned to the oldest of her guests, a thin, wrinkled, mahogany-skinned woman, with a false front of wiry, yellowish hair, which came down low on her forehead, and a round, flat snuff-box, which she was in the habit of tapping every few moments. This woman's tongue had been the sharpest, and her animadversions the loudest against Lenox.

Thus appealed to by Mrs. Crane, the ancient gossip deliberately took a fresh pinch of snuff, to make her reply more impressive, and then, while the others waited curiously, answered in a high, cracked voice: "If that girl was on my hands, Miss Crane, she'd be likely to find out afore she was a week older where I should put her!"

"But what would you do, Mrs. Cartright?" persisted Mrs. Crane. "I have put up with that girl, until I begin to feel—" she did not finish this sentence, she shook her head with solemn ambiguity.

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Cartright's little black eyes sparkled with a kind of triumphant malice under the wiry, yellow front; and, as she answered, her cracked voice rose higher with every word, until at the end it was almost a shriek. "I should put that girl, straight as her two feet would carry her, into the woolen mills, over at Factory Forks!"

There was a low-voiced murmur of approval around the speaker.

Mrs. Crane was a good deal staggered. The idea of Colonel Marvell's niece going to work among the operatives—largely German and Irish—in the woolen mills, was something that, even in her wrath, she could not at first entertain. But when tea-time came, and the blackberries did not appear, she had begun to turn the matter over in her mind.

Her interview with Lenox that evening only served to exasperate her further. When, at last, she rose from her chair, and laid down the black fan, her mouth had a rigid look, and in her eyes there was a hard gleam, which boded no good to the sleeping girl overhead. Mrs. Crane had made up her mind! Little as she suspected it, it all came of the artist and his picture. They had made that day the blackest in the calendar of Lenox Dare!

(To be continued.)

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

## HUMOROUS OBJECTIONS TO SACRED ORATORIOS.

I REPRESENT to myself a number of persons of various characters, involved in one common charge of high treason. They are already in a state of confinement, but not yet brought to their trial. The facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence against them so strong and pointed, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt being fully proved, and that nothing but a pardon can preserve them from punishment. In this situation, it should seem their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power for obtaining mercy. But they are entirely regardless of their danger, and wholly taken up with contriving methods of amusing themselves, that they may pass away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible. Among other resources, they call in the assistance of music; and, amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one. They choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial, the character of their judge, the methods of his procedure, and the awful sentence to which they are exposed, the groundwork of a musical entertainment; and, as if they were quite unconcerned in the event, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer, in adapting the style of his music to the very solemn language and subject with which they are trifling. The king, however, out of his great clemency and compassion toward those who have no pity for themselves, prevents them with his goodness. Undesired by them, he sends them a gracious message. He assures them that he is unwilling they should suffer; he requires, yea, he entreats them to submit. He points out a way in which their confession and submission shall certainly be accepted; and in this way, which he condescends to prescribe, he offers them a free and full pardon. But, instead of taking a single step toward a compliance with his goodness, they set his message likewise to music; and this, together with a description of their present state, and the fearful doom awaiting them if they continue obstinate, is sung for their diversion, accompanied by the sound of "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of instruments" (Dan. iii, 5). Surely, if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of these people, I should commiserate their insensibility.—*Memoirs of Joseph Sturge.*

SIX SIMPLE RULES OF HEALTH.—The quantity of most things is always more hurtful than the quality. Take your meals at regular hours always; the human frame is capable of being changed from sickness to perfect health by a well-regulated system of diet. Avoid everything—however agreeable to the palate—that from experience you find to disagree with you. Abstain from dram-drinking and too much tea and coffee. Where water does not disagree, value the privilege, and continue it. Take plenty of bodily exercise out of doors, and have a "hobby."

# FADING FOOT-PRINTS; OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

SHE put up her lip, baby-wise, to cry, Aunt Lydia did. They all pitied her. She was alone in this world, only for cousins, and nieces, and nephews, and such kindred—none that came very near to her.

And would you believe it? Every time that Lydia Cummings had one of her "poorly spells," her mind went right back to the twilight-time, in which she stood in her blooming twenties at the meadow gate with her lover, John Long—a great while ago, that was. When she had said for no man's love could she leave her lonely old mother, John had impetuously and indignantly sketched Lydia Cummings an ugly old maid, friendless, poor, not overly loved, and sheltered by the strong and true affection of no husband's watchful care. Then, with life all before her, strong, and vigorous, and hopeful, the man's words seemed selfish and cruel, and she turned her head away and smiled, and looked up into the tops of the hawthorns, and heeded them no more than she did the sleepy twitter of the young birds nested among the tangled boughs so securely.

But the picture John Long drew was now almost a truth. She was often sick; she had no real home of her own; she felt that no one loved her; that frequently she was a burden; and many a time she pressed her poor old hands tightly against her face as if to shut out the reality.

But this day, Aunt Lydia, as we called the dear soul, was covered up on the lounge, in a warm corner, suffering from rheumatism, in second-cousin Sally's house. Now second-cousin Sally did not feel that second-cousin Lydia was any trouble at all; she liked to have her about; her ways of managing the turbulent little folks was wonderful—she had the very knack of knowing what to say and do, and she could assuage a storm the easiest of any woman Sally had ever seen. If Tom made a fist, and let Jerry get the benefit of it, and Jerry bristled up, and vowed he'd stand up for his rights, after the manner of children of larger growth, then came Lydia, with a smiling face, and never a sign of a wrinkle between her eyes, or at the corners of her mouth, and she said something cheery and pretty, and in less than a minute, Tom would be trying to trade his string for Jerry's arrow, and likely calling him Jeremiar, in full, the same as the preacher did the day he baptized them both, down at the school-house by the cross roads. And Jerry would invite Tommy to warm his hands in his breeches-pockets, 'cause they were the "nestiest."

Sally could appreciate the ministrations of a woman like second-cousin Lydia, so Lydia did really not have cause and reason to put up her lip baby-wise, at any time, at all, at all. But you all know that we women do cry sometimes—we feel so badly, that it cries itself; we imagine that we are lonely, that we have trouble, that such trials no other woman

ever did have, and then some one, mother, or husband, or husband's mother, or one of the grown boys or petulant daughters, is sure to say something that cuts to the very heart, and while it bleeds, we cry out in a very tolerable degree of anguish. Perhaps at any other time we might have made more allowance—the words would have had no sting at all—we wouldn't have cared what he or she said, we knew they were hasty and "flashed like powder," and we knew, and had said so thousands of times, that no kinder heart ever beat, none more loving, none truer.

Aunt Lydia lay and looked at the figures on the wall-paper back of the lounge. Taken this way, six of the flowers formed a circle; taken that way, six of them made a half-circle; from that crack to that line, the flowers formed diamonds—taken this way, a rectangle; and so, a pentagon; so, a hexagon; and this way, they fell into blocks, like a nine-patch quilt. This reminded her of the first quilt she ever made, and aloe with no one to guess what thoughts came to that mussy, little, tucked-up, lounge-pillow, with her tired head perched up on it, she did wish she could look at that wonderful quilt. It had been laid away in the north end of her "cedar chest" for a long time. She had not looked at it since the day second-cousin Sally was at Wilson's, and their baby tumbled over in a spasm of a worm-fit, and she, Sally, plumped it into warm water and then poulticed it with pounded horseradish leaves, and it opened its eyes and smiled, and said, "goo-goo!" before she came home.

Sally was never at her wits' end, like the fussy sort of the average female. She knew a remedy, or a substitute for one, as quickly as did the next woman. Sally had her own notions, but where was the person who hadn't? She, second-cousin, would rise at the dead-hour of midnight, to relieve any one in pain of body, or distress of mind. Didn't she run over to Miller's that night their east chimney took fire, and the blaze just spouted out like a jet, while the cinders flew far and near; and didn't she run clear there in her stocking feet without her garters even, and buttoning her dress in front as she run, and right afore all them men, with her coal black hair streaming like a mermaid's? And she went on thinking—Aunt Lydia did—of the time the powerful preaching sent a dagger clear through the stony heart of Anna Maria Myers, and she couldn't sleep for thinking of the danger of her immortal soul, and she got up and walked the floor with her hands clinched, till the nails nearly brought the blood, and her man couldn't pacify her, and he had to come over in the blackness of the stormy, moonless March night, and got second-cousin to go over, and converse and pray with her. And before Sally had come to the most earnest part, Anna Maria cried out that she was redeemed and had found peace. And the very dews of despair had gathered on Anna Maria's forehead, and would have remained there, only for cousin's efforts in her behalf!

Yes, cousin was a noble woman. And then when

Sally, singing a hymn, as she passed the door with the clothes-basket tilted on her hip, full and heaped, like a milking pail with snowy foam, peeped in, then Lydia, with a half-smile, said: "The first time you go up-stairs, cousin, won't you please look in the north end of my cedar chest, under the snuff-colored merino shawl and the embroidered pillow biers, and bring down my nicest patchwork quilt? While I can't do anything, I can look at it for company. May be it would be kind o' soothing, and help to pass away the time;" and Lydia pulled her middle fingers in an embarrassed way, until she made the knuckles crack.

And second-cousin said she would go right away and fetch it, that her work was none of the hurrin' kind, that she thought while the hops was scaldin' and gettin' ready for to make the Wednesday evenin' emptyin's, she'd just sprinkle the duds and put 'em down, so as to iron the next day, while she tended to the bakin'; that she might as well make one fire do double service—same as to kill two birds with one stun. That was the way economizing mother allus did, and her grandmother before her. That it was a wife's duty to save all, while her husband earned.

She brought the patchwork quilt. It had been pieced, oh, so long! but never quilted. It had happened that when Lydia had lining, she had not the wherewith to buy the batting; and when she had the batting, she had not the lining; and somehow, one went before she could get the other. Then even if she'd had both, why there wa'n't room in second-cousin's chamber to put up a quilting-frame, and leave it stand, while one quilted feathers, and checks, and stars, and plumes and herring-bone border. Why the little heads would go a-bobbing round, under it, from Monday morning till Saturday night! Their regular line of travel would extend corner-wise, right acrost that chamber continually. That was the way with young ones, generally, when a quilt was in the frames.

The first time second-cousin went up into the chamber she brought down the quilt. Lydia took off the towel that wrapped it as carefully as she would have uncovered the face of a dead baby.

"Dear, oh, dear," she murmured, "who'd 'a' thought! It 'most puts the spring into my ankles to even look at ye, ye old tell-tale!"

There was a block of pink chambrey, a piece of the sunbonnet she wore the summer that she taught district school at the Drift. The Drift was where the logs and brush, and stuff had lodged in the bend of the creek, and the low little school-house stood under the beeches on the rise above, and the swish and the swash of the curving, whirling waters sounded distinctly, even at the desk in the far corner. Lydia slid her rheumatically old fingers over and over the pink chambrey, and she smiled so broadly, that one could have seen the tooth away back—the one that ached every time a storm was brewing, either in the summer or the winter. She remembered what a compliment the old pudgy doctor had paid her face under that same sunbonnet; he had called her a

"sweet wild rose, the one that bloomed on the bank above the Drift." All girls like flattery, especially when it is worded in such a poetical manner, and old men, village doctors who are used to seeing new faces every day, know how to say pretty things, if they are good men.

This purple was of the dress she had on the day she was examined for the school certificate; and how her heart did beat when she had to step out and read a couple of verses from the old English Reader; she read from the Grotto of Antiparos, and her breath was never so short and so much needed. And this bit of blue, oh, my! how she did hate blue calico! It was not proper, but 'Liza Bennett told Lydia once what Ralph Feilding said the time of Rob. Parson's sleighing party—that he'd rather had her, second-cousin Lydia, for his partner than any girl in Bloom, only that her best dress would be home-made plaid flannel or that everlasting blue calico, that the old man bought at the lake by the quantity. And that was the reason Ralph took Hester Burnell to the party. She had good clothes. Her mother was the only daughter of old Sam Bradley, the great stock dealer, and he was proud of her; her cheeks were like ripe peaches, and she could spell every word without missing, from "baker" on through the "chism table," and the hard words clear to the 'breviations at the back of the spelling book. He dressed Het like a princess born.

And Lydia lay there and winked as fast, and meanwhile her thoughts just sailed, and galloped, and flew. They took in the burdens of the years ago, like a river would drink in the wayside brooks that came purling down through field, and wood, and meadow. Anger, and sorrow, and joy, and a sense of bereavement, all crowded together at once. Anger for this memory, and sorrow for that, and joy for the other; like birds alighting on an old branch, chirping an instant and then away on the wing, hither and thither, never to come back any more.

This square of black mourning calico was of the dress she wore when Johnny died; that when poor old daddy died in the dead, dead of the cheerless midwinter, when the north wind blew steadily a cutting blast, and the funeral procession just dragged itself like a sluggish snake through the heaps of snow that piled and drifted as high as the stumps in the clearing, and sifted through the air like splintery particles of fine glass. Oh, that dreadful day! And the mother fainted, and they spread a coverlet in the sled and laid her on it; and there was no house a-near; and the grave-yard was on a lonely hillside among girdled trees, whose snowy branches looked stark as bleaching bones. And the ill-clad little ones huddled round Neighbor Brown's sled, and cried for fear mamma would never come back to life. And the winter months—how they lingered! How the mother spun, and wove, and kept the family together. How Tom, the eldest, was lonely, and went away nights because he didn't like to hear mamma sing hymns, and the buzz of the spinning-wheel was so doleful, and daddy's hat on the peg

seemed to reproach him, and look at him just as natural as with eyes! And her memory reached out a tendril, and took in the sorriest thing that came to her child-life. When the overseers of the poor—two stern-faced, well-to-do farmers—came out in a pung one raw day to see what the circumstances of the widow were. They sat in the two good chairs before the chunk-fire, and they rubbed their hands and shivered, and leered up the stick-chimney, and looked down at the bare, blue legs of the feeble-minded little boy on the box in the corner. And then they hinted about binding out the children. And the frantic cry of the mother, who sat listening with her hand on the rim of the little wheel; and the hard, cold, calculating faces of the town officers; and the scared faces of the little ones huddling in a heap, and feeling of one another; all this came up to her as she lay on the lounge—came like the shifting scenes of a picture, like the views in a panorama.

What sad pictures some of us have stored away in our memories! How kind to our poor selves if we could only forget or efface them!

And this little corner patch of dainty gingham was of the dress her mother wore when she married old Silas Ketchum, and the grown children were ugly and abusive, and imposed upon the new mother, and old Silas took sides with them, and after a stormy year or two they separated. And the other days could not come again, the wounds would not heal, and time could not obliterate; and the widow and her own family took up the broken threads and managed somehow—made the best of untoward circumstances. And this was of the dress she had on when she and John Long stood at the gate that memorable time. Ah, well, well! This check was of the gown her grandmother spun, and dyed, and wove, all with her own hands. She touched the satiny linen—copperas and white—to her lips, it was so soft to the touch—so old, and though there was not an atom of sentiment, none of the novel reader's notions about Aunt Lydia, she almost kissed the tell-tale patch in that old quilt. Grandmother was so truly a grandmother, so sweet and tender, and her touch was healing, and her words were balm, and so her memory was sacred.

That bit of pale blue was of her hood, made long ago, when hoods meant comfort, and warmth, and good sense. They bundled the ears away in the soft folds, till they were like ducks in their nest; only the pinky tip of the nose, and the round, hard, red cheeks of the wearer were visible. And she said, dreamily, as she caressed the pretty blue atom, "How sensible they did dress then, and how the plump ankles used to show below the petticoats, clad in yarn stockings, whose gray or blue tint was the pride of the woman of one or two accomplishments, dyeing reckoned as the noblest and the best."

And then second-cousin Sally came in to sit a little while, knitting her man's double mitten as she walked, three threads—blue, and red, and white—caught round her fingers, after the fashion familiar to speedy knitters. And while she counted off the

thumbstitches, second-cousin Lydia happened to catch sight of a striped, brown and buff patch in one corner, and that instant her tongue was loosed cheerily, and she reeled off a story about it as swiftly as she reeled the brown thread off the spool long, long ago. And Sally listened and nodded, "Eh heh, eh heh," and said, "Law me!" and "Well now!" and "Did I ever!" A story something about it being a piece of her apron; and while the apron was yet new, and smelling of the store, she cut it up to make a slip for somebody's baby—a tiny mite for which the mother had made no preparation. The tale didn't seem to have much point to it, so Sally thought; but before it ended it was like the stories in books. The little creature died, and the mother died, and her body was stolen by grave-robbers, and while they were bearing it away it seemed to speak in a sepulchral tone, and the robbers were frightened and ran, and left it lying beside a stump, and early the next morning the neighbors buried it over again. And he, the husband of the ill-starred wife and mother, took up with a woman not divorced, and they lived miserably and in fear, and finally his life ended in suicide.

All this did the little quilt patch tell, and the narration ended with, "Poor Jasper Nicholls! folks said he would come to some bad end. He insulted a Catholic priest one time, and the priest laid a ban for evil upon him, and he could not escape from it."

This fine check was of Lottie Edwards's infant gown; "he" got it for her; and this, with a gay, rosy heap of swamp flowers in clusters like handfuls, was a dress grandmother had sent her from over the mountains; this came from old Philadelphia, when Cousin Lewis used to team it with four awful nice creatures; he hauled dry goods and groceries for the storekeepers before canals and railroads were known.

This green stripe was a present on her birthday; she had it made up with bows on the sleeves, low in the neck, and gathered full on to a wide belt; was so plump that it filled up smoothly as a pillow.

And so the second-cousins looked at the old-time patchwork, and sometimes they laughed and sometimes they were sad; and again the tide would run on into a story that was really quite like reading from a woman's magazine.

But this was long years ago; and, after all, that quilt had a tale, for second-cousin Sally coaxed second-cousin Lydia to make a quilting in her new house in the upper chamber, and invite everybody to it. And she did; and then what? Well, they set long tables, and the women ate first, and then the men and boys came in from the corn-husking and ate at the second table. They had a sight of merriment, too. And after the supper they flitted the new quilt, and waved it, after an old-time custom, and gave it an upward toss, and away it flew like a winged bird, and spread itself all over the bald, shiny pate of Deacon Merrill, a widower, with two boys just entering their teens. How the youngsters did roar out their laughter! Then, according to custom, the men tossed the quilt over to the side of the room where the women were huddled, and that perverse and



shameless quilt just flew as direct as a bird of prey, and folded itself in a soft, puffy, smothering way all over the sleek head of second-cousin Lydia Cummings! She flirted it off quicker'n one could say "Jack Robinson," and looking over at Andrew Hunt she said: "Did I ever! Now, Andy, for shame on ye!"

Her blushes made her downright handsome; and I suppose the deacon thought so, too, for he stroked his twig of gray hair forward over the broad, bald space, and looked first this way and then that way, as though he didn't feel disposed to quarrel with the dispensations of a wise providence.

Andy said, an hour afterward, when he went to hand the deacon a cup of nog, he grabbed away off to one side for the handle of the tin cup, and it was because his head was turned awry looking into the shadowy chimney-corner where Lydia was engaged untying a linen bag to get out some hops to send Lucy Ellen Kimball for her earache.

Margaret Monahan said she'd bet a curl that Deacon Merrill was "teched with a warmin'" about his old dried-up heart like he'd not felt since Sarah Ann's death."

We don't know what the gossips said about the affair of the quilt, but we do know that there was a sign in it, and that the sign came to pass; it was a true sign, for one evening in the May, second-cousin Sally had fixed up real smart both herself and her square room. And in the loft, looking out of the window for a deacon astride a sorrel horse, sat second-cousin Aunt Lydia; and she did not look long, for sure enough here came the deacon and the circuit preacher. Both wore stiff cravats, and rode as if they were starched from crown to sole. They never smiled at all. Why should they? Marriage is no child's play.

Second-cousin Sally told us that the last time she saw Lydia's quilt it was somewhat faded, but still in a good state of preservation, and covered two little rownies of grandsons, the children of one of the boys who was in his teens when Lydia rose like a full moon in her majesty to shine, a new mother, in that lonely household. The quilt for years was on the big trundle-bed of the rollicking, growing lads of the deacon's. They made tents out of it on their uplifted feet many a time, and jerked it about until the stitches cracked; but Lydia didn't care, so long as they were happy, and had a sunny childhood filling up with memories so much pleasanter than her own. She rather enjoyed having the lads "take the tailor" out of the venerable quilt, for both she and the superstitious deacon often averred that, if it had not been for that very same article of bed-gear, their lives had flowed apart, both lonely, each needing the other, and not knowing it at all. That patchwork was the link that welded together two separate lives; it was the omen of good, the best, and prettiest, and most useful quilt that any girl ever made. It was a blessed quilt, and they both said thousands of times that it was.

ROSELLA RICE.

## HOW ETHEL MADE A PRETTY ROOM.

JOHN RAY and Ethel Marston were just married. John had bought an old, tumble-down farm-house, with some furniture in it, and brought Ethel to it.

She looked in at the parlor door. The room was long and narrow, the walls yellow with smoke, and the wood-work nearly black with age. A few old split-bottom chairs, an ordinary table and an old wooden settee completed the furnishings. Ethel's heart gave a little cry of pain when she thought of the beautiful home she had left, and for a moment she wished herself back, but only for a moment, then she went resolutely to work. The walls were first made a pale blue, with a wash made of lime, indigo and skim-milk instead of water, to keep it from rubbing off. The wood-work was given a coat of brown paint and varnish, which made it look almost as well as walnut. The loose boards of the floor were then nailed carefully down, and for a yard all around from the wall the cracks were smoothly filled with putty. Cheap wall-paper of a blocked pattern, to imitate tiles, was then pasted on this part of the floor, and when dry, was given a coat of shellac and two of varnish, which made it durable. A few yards of a dark, very small figured ingrain and a few yards of stair-carpet was bought. The ingrain was cut the length of the unpapered boards and sewed together. Then the stair-carpet was cut in two, lengthways, and sewed around the ingrain, so as to make a border. This was then nailed down in the centre of the floor.

Long curtains of cheap dotted Swiss muslin, edged with imitation cluny lace, which she bought for three cents a yard, were hung at the three windows, and a finish of the muslin, box-pleated and lined with blue cambric, was put above them.

Then the chairs were taken in hand. They were first painted black and varnished, and with a tube of white paint and a pencil-brush, she striped the little indentations with white. She then sent to the city for a few yards of cretonne, with a crimson ground. It was very wide and heavy, and only cost thirty cents a yard. She made cushions of this for the chairs, tacked them firmly on, and finished the edge with a scant ruffle of the same. The old wooden settee she cushioned seat, back and arms, and made a deep flounce of the material to hide the clumsy legs. A large pillow, covered with the cretonne and finished at each corner with a tassel, completed the lounge, and gave it a luxuriant and a comfortable look. For one corner, she made a little hour-glass work-stand, and covered it with the cretonne. Upon it she placed a work-basket, made of an old peach-basket, which she had painted black, covered with scrap-pictures, and lined on the inside with red merino. A box pleating of the same was put around the edge, and the handle was bound with red ribbon, and finished with ribbon bows. Above the stand, on the wall, John nailed three small three-cornered shelves. On the edge of the shelves,

with small brass-headed tacks, she fastened a narrow box-pleating of the white-dotted muslin lined with blue. On the first and second shelves she placed her few favorite books, and on the top shelf she placed an empty ginger-jar, that she had painted black, ornamented with scrap-pictures, and filled with pressed ferns, autumn leaves and crystallized grasses. She then drew up to the stand the little cushioned rocker, and that corner thereafter became her own special domain.

The great, old wooden mantel she painted brown, varnished, and put around the edge of the shelf a narrow box-pleating of the cretonne. On each corner of the mantel she placed her pink China vases. In the centre she put the little terra-cotta match and pipe set that she had given John for a present the year before, and on each side of this a brilliantly-colored Japanese fan. Above the mantel she hung her only large picture—one of Beatrice. In the space between the two front windows she put the old table, which she turned into a very nice library-table, by painting the sides and legs black, and pasting on, not too thickly, scrap-pictures of Japanese figures. The top she covered by tacking on neatly, with brass-headed tacks, an old piece of a blanket, that she had colored a dark maroon. On this, she placed a little imitation bronze ink-stand and pen-rack, her portfolio, paper-weight, last number of a magazine and a pretty lamp with a porcelain shade. Above the table, she hung a portfolio for John's newspapers, which she made by taking two sheets of pasteboard and covering nicely with French blue paper bound with gilt. Two of the long edges were bound together with a strip of muslin, and covered with paper, same as the border. Holes were then made in the four upper corners, and dark-blue cord inserted—the front cord a little the longest, so as to allow it to swing open.

At the other window she placed a little table that John had made, which, in some respects, resembled a saw-horse with a top on, but which decorators of furniture would call "Eastlake." The crosspiece and legs were smoothly planed, and she painted them black, and occasionally striped them with white. She made a cloth for the top out of a square of gray flannel, and put a border of ivy leaves, made of green flannel, around the edge. The pattern was made from a natural ivy leaf, and the stems and leaves were chain-stitched down with green embroidery silk. On this table she placed the checker-board, dominoes and other games. At this window she hung a hanging-basket, made of a large sea-shell. She planted in it a fern and several sprays of ivy, as they would thrive well in-doors. In the next corner she had John nail two more three-cornered shelves. On the edge of these she nailed little box-pleatings of the Swiss to match the others. On the first shelf she put her China cup and saucer, and on the next she put an imperial photograph of herself. In the next corner she suspended from the ceiling, with red cords, a little basket, made of white wood-splints and red zephyr. She filled it with autumn

leaves, dried grasses, pressed ferns, wheat ears and twigs of the horse-chestnut, on which the open shells of the chestnuts were still hanging. Below this, John put another three-cornered shelf, and after she had ornamented the edge by splitting pine cones in two, and nailing them on, she placed upon it a plaster cast of Flora. On each side of the door-casing that led to the next room, she fastened, with strong wire, two pots of English ivy, and twined their long sprays in an arch over the door. For the outside of the pots she made covers of wood-splints and red zephyr. Above the sofa she hung her two remaining pictures, which were small chromos. On the other two vacant spaces of the wall she hung two little brackets that John cut from an old cigar-box. On them, she placed two steel engravings that she cut from the front pages of two old magazines, mounted them on pasteboard, and bound the edges with a narrow strip of gilt paper. An old candle-box that she found in the house, she turned into a pretty ottoman, by inserting castors, and padding sides and top, and covering with cretonne. This she placed on one side of the fire-place. As a finish to the room, she threw in front of the fire-board a rug of sheep-skin that she had dyed a bright yellow, for no room is perfect without a touch of yellow.

She was rewarded for all her hard work thereafter by not only having a cozy resting-place, but by hearing all her friends exclaim, upon entering the door, "What a beautiful room!"

Perhaps at some future day Ethel will tell how she furnished the rest of the house with great con-  
niving and little money. LOUISE CAPSADELL.

### LOVE SONG.

GRACIE, darling, could you know  
All the tender love I bear you,  
How as choicest gem below,  
On my heart of hearts I wear you!

Gracie, darling, time must prove  
If my heart be true and tender;  
Rare is pure, unselfish love,  
Such to you I fondly render.

Gracie, darling, may sweet trust,  
Like a chain our hearts uniting,  
Know nor missing link nor rust,  
Know nor loss nor bitter blighting.

Gracie, darling, life is brief,  
But we part in spirit never!  
Love shall triumph over grief,  
Wedded hearts are one forever!

CLARENCE BROWER.

CURRAN'S ruling passion was his *joke*. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as *I have been practicing all night.*"

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

WE women at Millwood are raising money to pay for the chandeliers in our church, for new-fencing the yard, and for pulpit decoration. When we had the inside of the church finished, our funds fell short, and we deferred some of the not very necessary items.

The girls and myself have been engaged in this work; and as it is a topic, and a trouble, and a worry to the live women all over the land, and we are all more or less interested, we will tell you of our work; perhaps you may gather a suggestion that would help you.

People build churches everywhere, and when the work comes to finishing up, the women like to help, and they do a great deal of good in a sociable, friendly, pleasant way that unites and cements, and is a wonderful promoter of good-will. We have had socials, festivals, teas, "square meals," lunch, mush and milk, ice creams, lawn fêtes, exhibitions, lectures, concerts, entertainments, oyster suppers, Centennial parties with curiosity shop in a back room, old-fashioned Fourth of July gatherings with a great dinner spread out abundantly and with strains of martial music, neck-tie parties and dairy-maids' receptions. We thought we had exhausted the entire list, and could think of nothing new and taking. But last night we got our heads together here at Chatty's girls' boarding-house, and we have planned something else. Tableaux are so troublesome, and take so much work; but they pay well, and the girls will assist in getting up this kind of an exhibition during the coming fall vacation.

We write this in November. Next week is Thanksgiving; and this is our plan: to have a nice hot dinner in the basement of the Academy, which building joins lots with the church, and to this the congregation, willing and unwilling, will be invited to repair immediately after service. We will call it a New England dinner. The rich farmer's wife, burdened with cares, will give a fat turkey, and the poor mechanic's wife will contribute her share to the dinner by roasting it; the doctor's wife, a sickly little body, not able to do much, will buy the tea and the coffee, and the widow who lives in the alley and takes in washing will grind the coffee for her share. The women out in the country will bring of their abundance, and the women in the village will contribute labor. The old lady who always works with her sleeves rolled up will make the pumpkin-pies; and the merchant's wife, who has improved vastly the old way of her grandmother, will make the mince-pies and the chicken-salad.

I shouldn't wonder if that would be something new—the way we saw old Mrs. Gambrel bring ten pumpkin-pies to a festival once, all in a good state of preservation, all in a heap, with never a dent in one, nor a bit of the crisp edge broken off. We were so pleased, that we have adopted her plan, and can carry a lot of pumpkin-pies to a festival very easily. When the Gambrels built their new house, the old lady took five or six wide pine shingles, laid them one above the other, with cleats at the ends between them like a little row of shelves. The cleats were perhaps two inches wide, and nailed fast to the

shingles with small, slender nails, the little shelves wide enough apart to admit the thickness of a pie between. On each of these shelves there was room for two pies; she folded a strip of newspaper double and laid under them. The pies must not be laid on until they are cool, and the tins on which they are baked must be floured—not greased—else the crust will be soft, and crumble and break. When filled, the row of shelves are lifted carefully and placed on the large sheet-iron bread-pan, newspapers folded carefully over all, tied in place with lapping-thread, and the whole ten or a dozen nice pies can be carried almost as easily as a bundle secured in a shawl-strap.

The women will wear plain dresses in the New England kitchen; will wear white caps and long, straight belt-aprons, and neckerchiefs pinned down precisely between the shoulders, and crossed and pinned neatly in front. At dinner we will have brown bread and good crullers, turkey with cranberry sauce, potatoes, baked beans, plum-pudding, and all these things which by rights belong to the regular old-time Thanksgiving dinner. We will charge a quarter, and the bell will ring to call out all those who are not at church.

Our last effort was a literary entertainment in the evening, followed by an oyster supper. Both were enjoyable. The women conferred together on a Friday, and the entertainment was on the following Wednesday evening—a Sabbath and a busy washing-day intervening—and yet it paid well, and was pronounced excellent. None performed but ladies. We had two essays, one sprightly, one mournful; the former called "Sunshiny People," the latter relating to the time of the civil war, "The Stars Looked Down." That charming poem by Trowbridge, called "The Wonderful Sack," was well read, and well received by the audience. Then a paper called "The Venture" was read by one of my girls; and followed by a very excellent recitation by Mrs. Wallace—known to all students and admired by them—"Horatius at the Bridge." The sweet lady never did better, and she excels in recitation. And then came a lecture, called "These Little Ones," by one of the mothers; it was very earnest, and the kind woman never spoke any better than she did in those twenty-five minutes well packed. A few timely remarks by the president, another piece of instrumental music, and the hour and a half was filled, and we crossed the yard and sat down to supper. We had two long tables, one for those who preferred oysters and the other for those people who did not like them. Both were filled instantly, and a minister sat at the head of each one. Everything passed off smoothly, and the dishes were washed and baskets gathered up and we were all homeward-bound by half-past ten.

It is advisable to buy as little as possible on these occasions; better trust to the generosity of the ladies, and let them give; or, levy a light tax on the women to pay for necessities, then the proceeds will not need to be broken upon, but can be laid, whole, in the lap of the treasurer.

Sometime during the winter months we will have a supper in mask. Some of the women begin to pull back, and say: "I'll be one of the waiters;" or, "I hope it will come off while I am in the city visiting." But we all say: "No, my lady, you will be one of the leading performers; there will be no cowards."

In a case like this, where money is the object, no

masks will be purchased, but instead we will all envelope our heads in wide pillow-cases, with only a slit across it for the eyes to look out. Then the ladies, or the gentlemen, either, will be numbered, and the corresponding numbers will be drawn, and the two thus brought together will go to the supper-table, and after the guests are all seated, and about the time they are ready to be served, the masks will be taken off, and then the fun follows; and, after the laugh that must come, they will be waited upon.

This will be very funny, and provocative of good feeling, and we'll warrant no one will go home saying, "That was a sell," and wish he had his quarter again in his pocket. That is the charm of all these little money-making gatherings that we women get up for the furtherance of any of our plans. We are paid if all are pleased and satisfied, even though we do not realize very much. Even in country places, where there are a good many young people, or young-folk folks, or both classes, these social assemblages can be made pleasant and profitable to all.

We have found a great deal of amusement in a little bit of a book, paper-bound, costing ten or fifteen cents, called "Sibylline Leaves." Some one can be the sibyl, and tell fortunes, and the fun is very funny indeed; and sometimes the answer to the number drawn provokes the jolliest kind of laughter. The sibyl should be a quick, ready, witty, apt person, so if the number selected is not so very appropriate, she can tell at a glance what would be better, and take that instead. The charm of this amusement is, that no one ever gets angry, and that the whole company find it entertaining.

We women here in Millwood are so fortunate as to agree in everything that we undertake while planning and managing in church work. We make ourselves a committee of ways and means; and one thing we keep impressed upon our minds all the time, that is, not to disagree, not to criticise unkindly, and to make allowance for errors and mistakes.

Now, one time, I remember, Kitty Blake, the wife of the little blacksmith, had set her face on having a candy-pull; she knew it would pay, that we would bring in all the young people, and they would have a good time. Some of us thought the "good time" Kitty anticipated would be a "rude time," and our fears were realized. In spite of watchful care, the taffy was everywhere—on the carpet, and curtains, and floor, and chairs, and door-knobs, and, worst of all, on our good clothes. Addie Lutz is a red-headed girl, a milliner's apprentice, and her switch, the coil of red hair that she considers her chiefest beauty, was as stuck together as ever was a horse's tail with burdock burrs. Sam Weston did that; he is so mischievous and so rude, that he just walked up to Addie and spread his warm taffy out over her nicely-made coil, as gently as one would lay a strengthening plaster over a sprained back or shoulder. She reached up, and it stuck to her hand, and caught in the lace at her wrist, and slid down over her pretty ruche, and strung out the length of her arm, clinging desperately to everything with which it came in contact. Several plates were broken, butter wasted, flour scattered, gloves lost, carpet dirtied, and the next morning the lady of the house was almost distracted when she endeavored to put things in order and make her house clean again.

Now in some places real trouble and ill-will would have resulted; and it would in this case, only that we had pledged ourselves to peace and to good-will, not to growl, not to find fault, and to make a wide margin for one another's mistakes.

But one time our patience was most sorely tried,

and we are quite sure that our cups ran over. We could not quiet our wrath entirely.

The women were working every way to pay for a church-bell. We did want one so badly! We imagined how grandly its tones would go out from that belfry up on the cupola, among the tall oaks and rows of growing maples. We think now it was not wise and proper. But we had stationed a stalwart student in the pulpit to sell tickets to the supper in the Academy, and our brightest girl sat up on the rostrum in the organist's seat selling candy and peanuts, calling out her wares most musically. Presently the minister came into the church and he saw the sacred desk polluted by the brazen ticket-seller, the organist's seat blatant with jubilant noises, and laughter, and the quibbles of trade, and the clink of pennies; and that moment the very demon of anger took possession of the pure clergy in his white neck-tie, and he fairly shrieked with rage. He drove them out of his temple in a trice. He forgot everything, and saw nothing but the desecration of the sanctuary. We women were across the street in a low summer-kitchen fanning the fire to make the water boil for cooking oysters. The night was dark as pitch. We went out with white, scared faces, and ran over the girl with her wares heaped in confusion beside her. She was almost crying. There was a loud breathing at the corner of the yard—quite like Sindbad's jackal breathed in the catacombs—that was the ticket-vender muttering under his breath, holding his crushed hat under one arm with the tickets in it, and a box of currency and change under the other. People stood round, dumb with amazement. No sexton and no minister about.

A boy was dispatched to the trustees of the Baptist church, across the street, for permission to allow us to send our "money-changer" and our clever saleswoman in there. They were willing, and the little crowd went over and took possession, and we women, with very blank faces, returned to our blowing and our fanning in the low summer-kitchen again.

We remember when we crossed the street, sliding our hand along on the railing of the yard in the dark, we slid upon an old elder—one of our own—and when we entered the kitchen we said to his wife: "Sister Margaret, you'd better go out and comfort your husband; we found him hanging on the palings like an old pair of trousers, flung out."

"No, I'll not go," was her quick reply; "he don't feel any worse than I do. I am so 'shamed of our preacher, and the proceedings of his'n, that I wish I wasn't an elder's wife at all."

Oh, we did feel miserable! We had all thought so much of our pastor and our sexton; and after all our arrangements had been made and understood, we could hardly be reconciled to such rude treatment.

So we women sat on the floor, and on sticks of wood and blocks about the stove, and plied the fire with kindlings, and we crooned and sympathized, and our anger boiled over vengefully. And then in our better moments we tried to blame ourselves only, and to commend his care of the house of the Lord; we knew he was a good man, and we said if he must err at all it had better be on that side of the question. We forgave him—very gradually, though—and we made fifty dollars that night clear of all outlay. We often think that the event of that evening made us better friends and more liberal-minded women, and more ready to make allowance for mistakes.

After supper that night we had a post-office, we remember, and an express-office, and we had a good deal of sport; but all these women who had felt hurt

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and insulted had flushed faces, and eyes as bright as though they had "tarried long at the wine."

We like the women of Millwood. They are sisterly and kind, and they all work together amicably. Why, in six months after, we made our pastor such a nice donation-party; didn't give the inevitable slippers and the cheap jewelry, either, but money, and groceries, and cloth, and muslin, and carpet, and shoes, and substantial articles, that proved our sincere good feeling. But not one of his members ever mentioned that painful affair, and he never referred to it himself.

In getting up the contents of an express-office or the letters for a post-office, great care must be exercised lest some one's feelings are wounded. Some people are very sensitive, and this weakness must be remembered. Anything like revenge must be guarded against; no expression must be given to old grudges; everything that could please must be considered.

We hope we have dropped a hint or a suggestion that will help women similarly situated to ourselves. It was to this end that we took up this subject. Our girls told us that women all over the land would like an article on this theme; that some in every neighborhood are more or less interested. We wish we could help you to pay for your chandeliers, or your organ, or the bell, or the new fence. If we could, we would plume our wings and sail over and alight among you for one evening, bearing the best entertainment our humble means afforded. Good-night.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### OVERWORK.

THE young housekeeper launches on the sea of housekeeping under propitious skies; but clouds now and then obscure the horizon; and there are breakers to be shunned, not least among which is the danger of drifting into that very unwise habit of doing avoidable overwork. Let her beware, lest her own enthusiasm, her ambition, or the example of those old enough to be wiser, lure her into the practice.

We find the overworkers almost everywhere. Mrs. Lennox may be termed a spasmodic overworker. Though not in robust health, by proper management she gets along quite comfortably with her work; but occasionally she has an attack of over-ambition, and completely exhausts her strength. For instance, one day after doing a large washing, as there was plenty of hot water on hand, she thought to improve it by cleaning house; so she scalded the ceiling, up-stairs and down; took down bedsteads, scalded them and boiled the cords; cleaned the floors, and then put things to rights generally. Next day she was scarcely able to sit up, then became completely prostrated, and it was some time ere she was again able to be about.

Cousin Elizabeth is a specimen of the habitual overworker, though few, I think, carry matters to such extremes. She is called a weakly woman, and she is; but I think that at least a part of her weakness is owing to a misuse of strength—overstraining every nerve and muscle to accomplish just so much. Often will she wash, mop, bake, churn, and sometimes iron, all in one day, then be unable to work for two or three days afterwards—indeed, to be sick abed, and send for some neighbor to wait on her, is no uncommon thing. Were she content to do a reasonable amount of work in a day, she might spare herself much suffering, perhaps slowly increase her strength as she advances in years.

Mrs. Clauson is another specimen. She will per-

sist in sitting up, after the rest of the family are in bed, sewing carpet-rags, or doing work that were better done at some other time, or not at all. In short, the women who practice needless overwork are innumerable.

It is not wise to crowd the work of two days into one. There is no excuse for avoidable overwork; it is absolutely wicked; and were we to look the matter squarely and honestly in the face, we would see that much of the overwork which we have been accustomed to think necessary is in reality needless. And indeed we would be astonished could we see how many hours are wasted in the performance of work that we have never looked upon as overwork.

In forming habits of independent housekeeping, let us strive to banish overwork from the household; let us study to become systematic housekeepers. System and concentration of work lessens household labor. Overwork kills; and none the less surely that it is "by inches."

GLADDYS WAYNE.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 34.

No leaves upon the bare, brown trees,  
No wealth of grass and flowers,  
No stir of zephyr lingers more  
Amid the summer bowers.  
No birds among the branches sport  
With brilliant song and feather,  
But dreary are the earth and sky  
In drear December weather.

DRAW your chair up to the fire, and put back the window-curtains, that the winter sunlight may come into the room. It will not make you too warm now. Then get Whittier's poems, and read "Snow Bound," or lose yourself in the pages of "Evangeline" or "Lucile," while the cold wind whistles outside, and shakes the last lingering brown leaves to the ground. I wish you could read to me for an hour or two. It would be a treat highly appreciated. I rarely have any one to read poetry to me in these days, and sometimes grow hungry for it. Floy and Edna used often to give me that pleasure, before they took upon them a woman's work and more steady employments. Floy is one of the busiest girls that I know this winter, and Edna helps her mother with the housekeeping, and I hardly ever see her.

As I grow stronger, so many new duties come upon me that I have little eyesight left for reading. I love writing so well, that much of my spare time is taken up with it; and, having been idle so long, I feel as if I must work now whenever I can. Last week, however, I treated myself to some of "Owen Meredith's" miscellaneous poems, which I had never read before; and one in particular impressed itself upon me. It is called "A Vision of Virgins," and describes them going to meet the bridegroom, as narrated in my favorite Scripture parable. There were the happy faces of those who, ready, with their lamps trimmed and burning, went in with Him to the feast, "and the door was shut." Then the other five—oh, what a picture was drawn of them! so vivid I could almost imagine I saw it. The dark night, the wail of disappointment, the looks of anxiety, terror, anguish, and finally despair, depicted on the different faces, as one by one they saw their lamps flicker and die out. Then the pleading call for admission at the closed door, the hush of waiting that followed, and the dreadful verdict contained in that answer,

"I know ye not." I shall never forget the whole poem. It was impressive as any sermon on the subject could be, and might do more good than many a sermon.

I have been away from home for a few days, during a bright, warm change of weather, making a visit to some dear friends, who do everything they can to make me enjoy myself when with them. One had many pretty pieces of fancy work to show me—designs which I had never seen. Some of them she instructed me how to make. She also sang and played for me, sweet, rich music, and I learned two or three new songs to sing for mother in the evening hours. One read me passages from her favorite books, and talked of them in her quiet, gentle way; and brought me sweet leaves and blossoms from her treasured pot-plants. And the dear house-mother petted me and watched over my comfort, showing such evident enjoyment in my increasing strength and ability to move about with ease. I love to be with them all whenever I can.

I have made some new friends during this year who have added some very pleasant hours to my life. Two of them are near neighbors, who run in frequently to see me, and to whose houses I can often walk. Another, who lives out in the edge of the country, takes me home sometimes in her buggy, and gives me a pleasant day. We drive through upland woods, which, in the summer-time, look so much like the woods in which I used to walk long ago. And one whose home is far away in an Eastern State, and who is known to me only by letter, I number among them. A sweet, bright girl I feel she must be—the writer of that good and sensible article on "The Worth of Beauty Personal," which appeared in the "Home Circle" last June. She, too, has known what it is to be an invalid, shut out from the active pursuits and pleasures which filled the hours of her companions; and now life is growing beautiful to her again in the return to health, and she will be an earnest worker in the "world's broad field of battle." I hope we shall all become better acquainted with her through the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE, as she has already published a second article, called "Tears," over the signature "Kiz."

I am glad also to see that Mr. Arthur promises we shall meet "Earnest" in the "Home Circle." From the glimpses we have already had of her writings, I think she will be welcomed by all. We need her pure, sweet thoughts to raise us above our petty cares at times, or make us forget them for awhile; and her gentle admonitions and words of cheer to help us to bear them. I, who know her well through the medium of pen and ink, know what pure life-lessons she can teach.

Virginia F. Townsend's last story, "The Word of a Woman," made me wish for another from her pen. So the promise for the coming months which our publishers' circular gives is one of the good things for all.

And now the year is slowly dying—a year terrible for its pestilential scourge, which has swept so many fair cities, and caused so much misery and sorrow, yet developed such noble traits of generosity, heroism and self-sacrifice. But here, sheltered from such ills, and blest with peace and quiet, it has been a happy year to some hearts that I love (in spite of trials victoriously lived through), and its ending brings them brightest hopes for the future. Yet to me, aside from improvement in health, it has been a year of disappointment, and I mourn not its departure. Beginning so brightly, its ending in such failure of

all I hoped to make it, brings deep regret, however unavailing that regret may be.

"I had so many dreams when first the light  
Broke in the waiting east; and now 'tis night.  
Still they are dreams unwrought.

"I had strong purpose toward a noble end—  
A woman's faith, all-failing hope to mend—  
A loving trust in good;  
But only woman's strength; my aim, indeed,  
Proved weighty burden for that broken reed—  
That strength misunderstood.

"So now, through falling mists that cling and chill,  
And deepening purple shadows, long and still,  
Groping my way, I come;  
Within sweet meadows, where the bloom is dim,  
I hear the laborers chant an evening hymn;  
But, Lord, my lips are dumb!

"For I have failed; my day is lost and spent;  
Thy sorrowing look, reproachful, gives assent;  
I know my shame at length.  
Thy pardon, Lord! 'My child, thy faith was meek,  
Thy aim was good—thou in thyself wast weak.  
Daughter, I had the strength."

LICHEN.

#### CHANCE COMMENTS.

"I FEEL like making remarks," Sister Pipsey Potts! I have been reading your reply to the young wife who was suffering under an attack of mother-in-law; and also some other articles in much the same strain, treating of various specimens of the fretful sisterhood. And while your view and theirs is charitable and kind, and in the main true, is there not also something to be said on the other side?

Should not that "mother-in-law" be reminded that her son's wife has rights, and tastes, and feelings as real and as worthy of consideration as hers? Should she not remember that in all probability the daughter-in-law has left her own mother with many a heart-wrench, and perhaps a home of ease; at all events one where she did not have the cares and responsibilities as well as the labor of the household, and has taken up, for Joseph's sake, the cares and labors of housework (and, be they never so cheerfully assumed and sustained, they are neither few nor small.) She has furthermore borne, for his sake, the peculiar burdens and anguish of motherhood, which the other has herself experienced, too, and so should tenderly feel for. Then do not the little ones belong more to their own parent than to the elder lady; has not their mother the best right to train them? No true woman will resent the grandmother's tenderness, nor reject sensible advice; neither will she see her children taught to doubt her judgment and oppose her direction even in little things.

Having given up, probably, the main care and burden of the household to younger hands, why should not the mother do so gracefully and graciously, ruling her own part of the domain in accordance with her own tastes and preferences, and giving the daughter the same privilege with the remainder? Why should the younger ones mould themselves after the old usages always? The world *does* move, and we must move with it. Meantime, let the younger ones accord all respect and tenderness to the mother, respect her personal preferences and tastes, and gratify her wishes as far as they can. Let her wear her old-style caps if she wishes. As dear, kindly "Pipsey" says, it will not matter at the coffin-side! But she

may so win all hearts to her by motherly tenderness, and unselfish kindness, and charitable judgment, that the queer caps may come to seem more beautiful in even the daughter-in-law's eyes than a queenly crown.

Above all things, deliver me from this carping at each other among their own cronies, criticising, complaining, fault-finding, evil-speaking, evil-surmising. Away O mothers and mothers-in-law! be loving, and charitable, and patient with the young beginners! Advise them wisely, bear with their mistakes kindly; give them credit for good intentions at least, and you will find most of them ready and willing to learn, and anxious to do right, and gladly according all filial respect and regard.

And, Mrs. Chatty Brooks, while I am ready to have all charity for the nervous people, and the sickly people, and the overworked, and the "misunderstood" people—I do think that none of these classes will be any the worse for having a little consideration for other people's nerves, and headaches, and feelings generally!

Dear, nervous, headachy, feeble sister, whosoever you may be, *don't* give up to every twinge of pain or flutter of nerves! Don't go with one hand on your side, and the other on your back, the corners of your mouth drawn down, your voice modulated to a whining drawl, eyes half-shut, and the air of an unwilling martyr! You will feel none the better for it, and you distress and burden the hearts of those who love you, and make yourself absurd or repulsive in the eyes of indifferent spectators. People have twice the sympathy for the brave invalid who patiently and pleasantly endures the evils she cannot help, uses all the alleviations possible, and tries rather to comfort and encourage the anxious hearts about her than to add to their burden of trouble by useless repining and peevish complaint. And such invalids recover oftenest and live longest; the courageous spirit brings its own reward and its own strength. The friends of the sick ones have sorrow and anxiety enough to bear without any needless increase of it. Far rather would any loving heart be itself the one to suffer than to see its beloved ones in pain; far worse is the suspense, and fear, and anxiety than actual physical pain. I am not speaking, either, of people who are passing through some exceptional furnace of suffering, where all ordinary rules of conduct are set aside, but of those who belong to the classes I have named.

Don't say, "Oh, fine talk! You know nothing about it!" I do know. Am I not an American woman, with all her heritage of "nerves," etc.? And I would rather be such a courageous, kindly, strong-souled woman as some I have known, who made their homes happy and their very names precious, in spite of much suffering, than be queen of England.

Christian principle, Divine help, will enable any woman to find happiness in spite of unfavorable surroundings. Let her only try it. God is a very present help in time of trouble.

I must say here, how much pleasure and profit I find from reading the sketches of Pipsey Potts, Chatty Brooks, Lichen, Earnest and others. I should "dearly love" to know them personally, as the school-girls say. The whole magazine is full of good things, however, from T. S. Arthur's pure and useful stories to the last word of the "Home Circle." Much do I enjoy Rosella Rice's sketches. May she give us many more. Her tastes and mine are very similar. And almost equally I enjoy the household hints, and many a good piece of information have I

found. This book would have been invaluable to me in my early housekeeping days, seems almost indispensable now.

Let all the mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, all the nervous, and over-done, and worried people—take "Arthur's," and it will do them good!

E. MILLER CONKLIN.

### A PLACE OF YOUR OWN.

THAT is just what every home-mother wants, and what a great many in a wide house seem really to lack. They would often sit down to write a letter to an absent sister, an old school-fellow, a nephew at college, or may be pen a short article for our "Home Circle," but there are the paper and envelopes to be looked up and got together, and probably the pen and ink are up-stairs, and so the time slips by, and that far-off friend "wonders that Esther does not write," and we lose the hint we might have to help us along in our life journey. For we all do get many helpful hints from our dear old magazine, and should give "honor to whom honor is due."

Now it would obviate all this difficulty if you, mother, would "set up" one particular corner of your kitchen, even, if that is the handiest, and make it just as cozy and convenient as your means will possibly allow. Indulge yourself in this regard to the extent of your ability. Nothing you possess is too good for your own use. Lay that down as a first principle. If your nook is only a few feet square, set in your little stand, with a bright cover if you can, a chair that is as easy as possible, and supply yourself with a liberal quantity of stationery. Dignify it by the name of your study, and here do your reading and writing as you can catch moments for it. These moments will come to be very pleasant and profitable, and the very sight of your snug nook as you go about your work, will be a source of cheer and a stimulant, and will help you to save time to give to these congenial pursuits. Have your own place, and you will be able to make the winter one of much greater improvement and enjoyment, and it will enable you also to add to the happiness of all about you.

J. E. M'C.

### A CREWEL SONG.

STITCH, stitch, stitch,  
And 'neath my fingers grow  
The buttercups and daisies  
All in artistic row.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
And bluenettes rise so bold,  
We call'd them ragged sailors  
In artless days of old.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
I feel an artist's thrill,  
As blossoms 'mid the clover  
Spring at my needle's will.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
This violet's soft hue  
Shines out among the grasses  
As unto nature true.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
My garden's almost grown,  
Oh, will I dare to show it  
Where art sits on the throne?  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
My heart is beating fast,  
'Twill be a cruel thing to find  
I'm worsted at the last.—*Art Exchange.*

## Life and Character.

### LETTER FROM MRS. STARKEY.

WE live at Starkey's X Roads. Old man Starkey, that was my man's father—one of his parents—settled here when the wolves went a roaming the same as the cats do now. Folks say times were hard then. Samuel—that's my husband—was born in yon shanty that you can see from this porch, and I've heard his mother—she that was old Mis. Jerusha Starkey—say that Samuel was rocked in a sugar trough the same as Daniel Webster was. Sometimes when, on a Sabbath morning, I am brushing my man's hair, I pause, and I lay my hand on his forehead, and think, "This same noble head was rocked, by-o-baby fashion, in a humble trough that was hewn out for to hold sugar-water!" And sometimes I fill up, and the moisture comes into my eyes, and they are so dim that I couldn't extinguish my man's head from the gourd that hangs on the peg.

At the X Roads we have a blacksmith shop, and a little dry goods store, and a post-office, and two or three houses. There is some talk of having the name changed to Starkeyville; but Samuel says while he lives he would prefer it to remain the same, but after he is dead if people want to perpetuate they may.

There are only we two in the family—my husband and myself; but, as I told Samuel last week, when Ben Curtis, the storekeeper, asked us for boarding, it only takes a little more victuals added to the meal, and one has to go through the form anyhow. It is the same for every woman who keeps house. And so we took Ben to board with us, and if I don't get my old complaint we will get along nicely, for Ben is no trouble at all. He is an old bachelor—a thin, pale man—used to be stout and square-built, until he had an attack of lung disease—the harmonia, I think they called it—and ever since then he can't stand the cold winds nor the uneven temperature of our vigorous climate. So he sells goods, and works round, and buys butter, and eggs, and produce; and, as I tell Sam, this will make a good, handy home for Ben if he behaves himself, and it will pay for our little needs in the way of groceries. He is set in his way, though, Ben is, and I shouldn't wonder if I'd have to bear with considerable. But Sam says his lungs are all tattered, and of course he wouldn't feel so very amiable-like. A great deal depends on the state of one's health; one can't be chirrupy, and nice, and bright if he is nursing a pain, either of soul or body.

We own that ten-acre lot you see beyond the barn, and that ten down in the bottom, and this where the house is, with the garden and truck-patch, and on down to where those crab-apple trees congregate like. We keep one horse and one cow, and as nice a pair of pigs as ever "dreamed in nest of down," as the poet says.

Sam bought out his brother Leviathan's share, and Leave moved out to the Indiana, and is doing as well as could be expected. His wife was Mary Jane Peasley, the only and spoiled daughter of old man Peasley. The old man used to be a beau of mine long, long ago. He must have been six feet two inches, and he was well put together, muscular and well-knit as an Indian. I don't know sure as he wanted me; but sometimes when I am sitting mending my man's breeches, the thought comes to me that these same breeches, lying peacefully on my lap,

might, in the natural order of things, just as easy as not have belonged to Nathan Peasley, and said Nathan have been my wedded husband and provider. We can't help the thoughts that come to our minds, forbidden guests. I did think once that Nathan was going for to ask me for to have him. We were walking home from a paring-bee at Widow Ward's. The widow lived on the road where the run crosses the left-hand corner of Wilmot's Woods. The water had kind o' washed out in under the gravelly bank, and the sand was the shifty kind, very deceiving—a good deal like the sand that Sam got over by Joe Jones's when our cistern was repaired; and the widow was a dumpy, red-faced creature, would have measured about five feet four, I should surmise; and she was weighty, very, must have tipped up at least one hundred and eighty. Oh, the apples she used to dry! That was the way she bought her furs, and her gloves with the gauntlet wrists, and that veil with the heavy flowers, and that big volume that gives the history of all denominations—the Campbellites, and the Dunkards, and the Baptist, and the Methodist, and all the different kinds of church members—powerful nice book. I wouldn't wonder if that book weighed four pounds!

Well, as I was saying, I might have patched Nathan's breeches instead of Samuel's—I feel it in my heart. Coming home that night from the paring-bee, I was looking up and showing Nathan the coffin-star, and the big bear, and the dipper, and a man more ignorant of botany I never saw. He couldn't tell the bear from the dipper, or the coffin from the milky way; and I was explaining along, and my little hand was a-resting in his, and his boots were squeaking, "Week-work, week-work!" and Hambour's dog was a-barking over at Lemwell's mastiff, and all at once I stepped off the end of the little bridge over the culvert, and fell down in among the stones and sand, striking violently on the back of my head. I couldn't breathe; the breath of life was clear gone. I was as dead as a stick; but I can very clearly define the fact that, when Nathan snaked me out from among the rubbish, he smoothed my hair and took off my hood, and I indistinctly believe that he kissed me. I heard his musical voice mutter: "O Becky, Becky! Are you dying, Becky?" And the next Christmas he made me a present of a pair of skates tipped with bright steel.

Now, putting this and that together, I have reason to think that Nathan Peasley regarded me. But my Samuel comes nearer to my affection than any one ever did in this world.

He always is so good to me,  
A better husband ne'er could be.

We differ sometimes, but we do not disagree in an ill-natured way. I have seen men who were handsomer, and quicker on foot, and who could make a speech readier than he can, but none with a kinder heart.

One of his nephews out West wrote to him for his picture, and he is so modest about "showing off," that it took a good deal of persuading to get him to sit for it. His mouth always parts, stands ajar, when he is intently thinking, or listening, or forgetful; and it did that day, and the artist whooped out sharply, "Shut your mouth, Mr. Starkey!" Samuel thought he was a belligerent sort of a fighting man, and it

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riled him, and he answered back, "Shut yer own." And the first thing I knew, those two men had collared each other real wrathfully. I stepped up and took my man's arm, and drew on it gracefully but it did no good; so I crowded in between them like, saying, "Come boys, boys; be men. Shame on ye! Let 'im go, love!" But they collared away, wheezing out the angry, "Yah, yahs!" in a way that was disgraceful to the whole male sect. I tried to lean my head on Samuel's bosom, so as to look up into his face melting-like, and tender, and reproachful; but they paid no heed, and a worse smashed bonnet than mine you never saw. It was as flat as a pancake. The flowers looked as though they had been worn on the outside of Noah's Ark, and the plumes were stripped, and broken, and ragged enough. It was a ruined bonnet, and I never wore it afterward, only when I went with my husband to mill and to market, and such.

In one thing Sam and I disagree. Now, I like to have the attic, and cellar, and porches, and out-houses tidy; not lumbered up with useless trash. I don't believe in saving old stuff, and giving it friendly shelter just for the reason that some day some of it could be used. My man never throws away an old pair of boots or shoes; he puts them in the closet under the stairs, or in the loft of the wood-shed, or some place where they are hoarded up for years. And he never misses a sale, either. He will say, "Really, I must go to that sale to-day, there is a man I want to see, and I'll be pretty sure to find him there."

And I say, "Sammy, love, don't be fooled into buying anything; you know your weakness, dear;" and I pull up his coat collar, and fit his vest snugly about his throat, and see that his soft clean handkerchief is in his side-pocket, and his warm wooly mittens, and after all, would you believe it, that man will come home clattering along sometimes loaded down like old Santa Claus. I have to laugh; I won't scold, for I so dislike a scolding, bossing, domineering wife, that I shun every symptom of becoming one myself.

Sam's weakness! it is too funny! There is an old cottonwood tree, perhaps thirty years old, standing in our back yard. I should think it was thirty years old, for it was planted by Jabez White, a half-brother of mother-in-law Starkey's—a short, thick, sandy man he was—never shaved in his life; weighed about one hundred and thirty-five, or forty, or may be forty-five, or forty-eight, or along there. He always wore a plaid wamus, and tucked his pantaloons inside of his boots, and had a squeak in his voice. He was a mortal noted for his forethought. He was always fixing the fence, or moving stones out of the highway, or stopping up creep holes with chunks, or setting out trees, or fussing round with his bee-scaps or loosing the sod around fruit trees so they wouldn't be hide-bound, and become mossy and slack in bearing. Well, he was the man who planted the cottonwood in our yard. He said, "If I don't live to see it grow and set under its shadder, somebody else will. If its hilarious breezes don't fan my forehead, they will cool somebody else's." That was the kind of a man Jabez White was. Little did he think the living what-not that tree would become, after he had passed away from Starkey's X Roads, and the lambent flowers bloomed and been frost-bitten year after year on his grave in Berryhill church yard.

When Samuel comes home from a sale he nearly always has an old rake with broken teeth, a hoe loose on the handle, a scythe snathe minus one of

the nebs, or a few links of a trace-chain or log-chain to hang on that tree. It is driven full of nails, and staples, and spikes, and each one has a mission.

One time we read in the papers about a new kind of paste, made out of old boots and shoes, and then Samuel said, "Now, Becky, didn't I tell you that it wa'n't the thing to bury such old stuff at the roots of your pear-trees, and plum-trees and grape-vines? I knew the time would come, that some long-headed man would invent a use for them. Don't you see the wisdom of my saving all our cast-off boots and shoes."

Another time we read in the papers about old rubber shoes being of use, and forthwith my husband began hoarding all the old over-shoes he could get his hands on.

I visited a week, one summer, with my cousin, Polly Parsons, and I remarked that it did me good to go round through her house, and wood-shed, and chambers, and a more restful nook than her attic I never saw, for there wa'n't as much lumber as you could take on a wheelbarrow, in her whole domains. She said her man had a weakness for such trumpery as he could pick up, after the fashion of Cripps in Mrs. Stowe's book, "Dred," but in the spring when she cleaned house, she always split up and burned all waste and useless lumber, except old barrels, and them she rolled off to the barn. She did it quietly, and gradually, and her partner never missed the things.

Her husband was a red-headed man. He would stand about five feet six, I should think, and such a man for boiled dinners I never saw. We had them every day while I was there. He would tell her in the morning the kind of vegetables he wanted cooked in with his beef, or pork, or veal, which ever it chanced to be. He was a good provider: none better. I have known this punctilious man to hail her from the field to ask if he'd allowed meat enough for the week, when the butcher called, and to tell her to make a gravy with a seasoning of red pepper and onions in it.

She, Polly, was a nice little body—never went without her sleeves rolled up, at her work, and her calico apron on. A very spare-built woman she was, no color of blood in her face, but she had no settled complaint that I know. Her folks, the Pundersons, were all thin of flesh; old man Punderson had one short leg and a cruel scar on his left cheek. Polly was his daughter by his first wife—she that was Mary Ann Leedy, one of the best praying women in her church; was nearly always called on to pray either before or after meeting; but then it was a gift in the Vaughn family, for her grandmother Vaughn, she that was a sister of Judge Hays, couldn't be beat with the eloquent tongue and the ready answer.

Judge Hays was on the circus court, and rid thousands of miles in the sixteen years that he served. He was in the legislature, too, and his very components were proud of him. His eye was like an eagle's and his beak, too, for that matter.

Ho! Sam and Ben a'ready for dinner!

MRS. SAM STARKEY.

WELL blest is he who has a dear one dead;  
A friend he has whose face will never change—  
A dear communion that will not grow strange:  
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath  
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years,  
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:  
She's thine unto the end.

## Scientific, Useful and Curious.

THE yellow color of piano keys is caused by keeping the instrument closed too much of the time, and it is said that leaving them open will restore the white color.

PURE new milk may be taken by old or young in almost any condition without fear of injurious results. It is nature's own food, and rarely, if ever, disagrees. It is sometimes thought necessary to add a little lime-water.

BEES often make long journeys in search of food. A bee-owner in the West, thinking that they perhaps visited the clover-field of a friend, forty miles away, sprinkled their backs with flour one morning as they left their hives, having previously requested the friend to watch for them. A telegram came from the latter during the day, saying: "Plenty of your white jacket bees here."

PAPER teeth is a new invention in Germany, and a number of specimens were displayed at the late paper exhibition in Berlin. They are warranted fully as durable as any other teeth.

IT is a familiar fact to inhabitants in Alpine districts that avalanches rarely fall while the sky remains covered, whereas they fall rapidly and in great number, especially in the morning, when the heavens are clear. On this account the monks of the Great St. Bernard do not leave the convent in the latter case. M. Dufour attributes this more frequent fall

of avalanches to the lowering of temperature when the sky is clear, especially before sunrise. The small filaments of ice which retain the snow on the sides of the mountain then contract and break, and the snow begins to slide, carrying down other portions below. It is known that very slight disturbances, the flight of a bird, a few words in a deep voice, etc., suffice to bring down avalanches.

THE name of "Gilead" was applied to the country east of the Jordan, from the head of the Dead Sea to the foot of Lake Genesareth. It was here, along the Jordan and about Jericho, that the balsam or balm, once so highly prized, was procured from an aromatic tree, supposed still to be found in this region, and known as *Spina Christi*, or tree from which the Saviour's crown of thorns was woven. This most precious gum was obtained by making an incision in the bark of the tree; it also oozed from the leaves, and sometimes hung in drops like honey from the branches. The tree, which originally was found in Palestine, was transplanted to Egypt by Cleopatra, to whom the groves near Jericho were presented by Marc Antony. The shrub was afterwards taken to Arabia and grown in the neighborhood of Mecca, whence the balsam is now exported to Europe and America, not as balm from Gilead, but balsam of Mecca. The gardens round Heliopolis and the "Fountain of the Sun," in Egypt, no longer produce this rare plant, and it has long since ceased to be an article of export from the ancient Gilead.

## Mother's Department.

### MORTIFICATIONS.

DO mothers always realize how sensitive children are? I fear not—in many cases I know they do not. But, oh, indeed, the little ones are like ourselves in their feelings—if possible, more intense.

You may think it a very slight thing to compel your boy to carry his lunch in a calico bag, or a tin kettle, while his comrades have neat boxes or pretty baskets. You may think it of no consequence that your girl wears a gingham apron and a sunbonnet, when her schoolmates revel in dainty white ruffles and gay-ribboned hats. You may look upon their inevitable ebullitions of rebellion as temper and ingratitude; but think a minute. Would you like to travel with a red-and-yellow carpet-satchel, or a horse-hair trunk? Would you like to go out to dinner in a straight skirt and poke-bonnet? Indeed you wouldn't. Well, you had better do something like this than your children; for, at the very worst, among grown-up, respectable people, you would never hear the remarks you excite. But the poor little ones would. Of all merciless tormentors, I verily believe school-children, among themselves, completely beat the mosquitoes.

"Oh, well," I have heard at least one mother say, "they're no better than I was. What was good enough for me is good enough for them."

I would say to all such, Is this all you have learned from earthly annoyances? Then don't flatter yourself that you will never have any keener ones—per-

haps in the children themselves—for your discipline is not finished. Nor will it be, until your heart has grown tender, and you feel within you a yearning sympathy for all who suffer as you have done, and an earnest longing to shield them from similar pain.

Little pin-pricks of mortification like those mentioned are bad enough. But what shall I say of mortifications deliberately put upon children? These are what eat like a canker into a young soul, making it morbid and ready at any time to fall a prey to evil influences.

I have seen a quick, active little girl, full of life and spirits, bounding joyfully into a room, elated at the prospect of seeing her dear auntie, who, with some friends, have come to spend an afternoon with her mamma. Auntie was ready with the welcoming kiss, but mamma's voice broke the silence.

"Auntie, I'm afraid you don't want to kiss Sallie. She's been a naughty girl to-day."

Instantly the child stopped, and stiffened herself like a stone. All the light died out of her countenance, and there she stood, with a hard, cold, old look, frightful to see upon a baby face. Then her cheeks flushed, an angry gleam shot into her eyes, her lips closed tightly with a sudden determined expression, and she gave her head a toss. Only a minute. With a sharp, piercing cry she turned and darted out of the room, followed by her mother, who was "going to take the nonsense out of her."

Now for a little translation. We will suppose that this mother had been honored by a visit of one whom

she revered as infinitely her superior, and whose good-will she was exceedingly anxious to gain. This powerful friend was accompanied by a number of great people. All was going well; the mother was conscious that she was making a favorable impression, when suddenly, just at the critical moment, the strongest and most influential relative she had published her shortcomings aloud, in the full hearing of everybody. I warrant that woman would pray for a mountain to fall on her head.

Tongue and pen alike would fail to tell of the countless instances of which we all know. But I shall cite one more.

"You're such a bad girl that everybody's talking about you!" exclaimed a woman to her five-year-old child, of whose very existence probably not half a dozen families knew.

The words may have been forgotten by the mother; but the little one—ah, everybody was talking about her; that meant she was publicly disgraced—an outlaw, in fact.

Mark the effect. If, when she was standing by the roadside, she saw a carriage or a pedestrian approaching, she would flee in terror for fear she would be seen. When a visitor came into the house, she would run and hide herself. If any one inquired for her, she broke out into a cold perspiration. She lost appetite, spirits, sleep, and fell ill. After her recovery, the cause of her illness was ever before her,

and its influence upon her nervous system was terrible.

Time passed away, but the shadow did not. As she grew older—at school, at church, everywhere—she still felt that the finger of scorn was pointed at her, and instead of gaining strength with her years, she grew more shrinking and trembling; she felt a very pariah. Not until she was past twenty, not until after a complete change of her surroundings, did she feel that she dared call one human being friend. A healthy woman, completely freed from any disturbing influence, she says that not even now can she think of those long years of loneliness and outlawry without a shudder.

Oh, do not try to convince me that the "noble army of martyrs" includes not children! Who have trod more fiery paths and won more glorious scars than they?

Mothers, be kind, be gentle to your little ones. They hear your bitter words, and writhe under your cruel deeds; but were they snatched away from you, strangers, to whose hearts such utterances would bring no balm, would listen to your expressions of tenderness, and closed eyes and still hearts would know naught of your useless endeavors. Oh, do not wait for the terrible lesson death may teach you. There is yet time to fill the innocent hearts around you with constant, satisfying joy. M. B. H.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### RECIPES.

**WASHING FLANNELS.**—A lady correspondent says: "I will give a little of my experience in washing flannels. I was taught to wash flannel in hot water, but it is a great mistake. In Italy my flannels were a wonder to me; they always came home from the wash so soft and white. I learned that the Italian women washed them in cold water. Many a time I have watched them kneeling in a box, which had one end taken out, to keep them out of the mud, by the bank of a stream, washing in the running water and drying on the bank or gravel, without boiling; and I never had washing done better, and flannels never half so well. I have tried it since, and find the secret of nice soft flannels to be the washing of them in cold or luke-warm water, and plenty of stretching before hanging out. Many recipes say, 'Don't rub soap on flannels;' but you can rub soap on to the advantage of the flannels, if you will rinse it out afterward and use no hot water about them, not forgetting to stretch the threads in both directions before drying. Flannels so cared for will never become stiff, shrunken or yellow."

**TO REMOVE SILVER STAINS FROM WOVEN FABRICS.**—The following process is said to be especially successful in removing spots from materials which have been several times washed: First prepare a saturated solution of chloride of copper; dip the spotted piece in the solution, and allow it to remain some minutes, or according to the character of the stains. Then rub the stains with a crystal of hyposulphite of soda. When neutral chloride copper is used, the color of the stuff does not change.

**TO WASH RED TABLE LINEN.**—Use tepid water, with a little powdered borax, which serves to set the color; wash the linen separately and quickly, using

very little soap; rinse in tepid water, containing a little boiled starch; hang to dry in the shade, and iron when almost dry.

**SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE.**—About one pound of copperas (sulphate of iron), at a cost of a few cents, put into a water-closet, will entirely deodorize it; five pounds dissolved in a bucket of hot water, thrown down a cesspool, will have the same effect. There is no unpleasant odor from it, as there is from chloride of lime or carbolic acid. The above is worth knowing. If repeated once a month, or oftener, if necessary, there will be no trouble from "sewer gas" or other effluvia.

**CHICKEN PIE.**—Line the sides of a baking-dish with a good crust. Have your chickens cooked as for a fricassee, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter; before they are quite done, lay them in a baking-dish, and pour on part of the gravy which you have thickened with a little flour. Cover it then with puff-paste; in the centre of this cover cut a small hole the size of a silver dollar, and spread a piece of dough twice its size over it. When baked, remove this piece and examine the interior; if it is getting dry, pour in more of the remaining gravy; cover it again, and serve. It should be baked in a quick oven. Pigeon and veal pies are made after the above recipe.

**BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.**—Economical and excellent. Boil a quart of sweet milk, thicken with four tablespoonfuls sifted corn-meal. Add three tablespoons molasses or brown sugar, a tablespoon of butter, one egg, a saltspoon of salt, nutmeg or cinnamon to taste. Bake one hour, if your oven is quick; if a slow heat, one hour and a half. Eat warm from the oven, or cool if preferred, with syrup or other sauce. Don't think to improve it by adding more eggs. It should bake until curdled, like an over-baked custard.

## Pleasant Readings.

He was arrested for not supporting his wife. "What have you got to say for yourself?" asked the judge. "Me and the poet, Byron, are alike," replied the prisoner. "What do you mean by that?" said his honor. "I mean," rejoined the prisoner, "that neither me nor Byron ever could bear to see a woman eat." "It's six months in the Albany penitentiary," added his honor.

A BURLINGTON physician calls his dog Cinchona, because his bark is the only valuable thing about him.

They had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love!" he exclaimed, "only two pound fifteen for a suit of clothes." "Is it a wedding-suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he replied. "It's a business-suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

At a recent marriage in a suburban town, the bridegroom, when asked the important question if he would take the lady for better or for worse, replied in a hesitating manner: "Well, I think I will." Upon being told that he must be more positive in his declaration, he answered: "Well, I don't care if I do."

A LITTLE Portland girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by the average queen of the household who does her own housework. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

"SUPPOSE," said he, in accents soft,  
"A fellow, just like me,  
Should axle little girl to wed—  
What would the answer be?"

The maiden drops her liquid eyes—  
Her smiles with blushes mingle—  
"Why seek the bride haller when  
You may live on, Sur, cingle?"

And then he spoke: "Oh, be my bride,  
I ask you once again;  
You are the empress of my soul,  
And there shall ever rein.

"I'll never tire of kindly deeds  
To win your gentle heart,  
And saddle be the shaft that rends  
Our happy lives apart!"

Upon her cheek the maiden felt  
The mantling blushes glow—  
She took him for her faithful hub,  
To share his wheel or whoa.

## Literary and Personal.

WHEN young Behm, the editor of the *Geographical Year Book*, was married, the late Dr. Petermann planned, as his wedding present and caused a skillful silversmith to make, a globe to serve as a butter-dish, the upper half should lift as a cover. On this globe a map of all the earth was carefully engraved, the diameter of the dish being about four inches. This was significant, as a present, from one geographer to another. But to enhance the delicacy of the idea, the route which the young couple would take was carefully set down and the names of the places engraved where they were to tarry.

HARRIET HOSMER, the artist, has invented a new generator of power, the engine depending entirely for its force on the application of a hitherto unknown principle of the permanent magnet. Should her expectations in this matter be realized, it will undoubtedly revolutionize the present methods of obtaining power for machinery. She also claims to have discovered a process of artificially transforming soft limestone into marble, and if the correspondent who gives the information can be trusted, this invention has already been put into practical use. Miss Hosmer is described as below the medium size, but active and graceful. She has a broad forehead, clear gray eyes, very cheerful, winning features and short hair. When interested and a little excited, she might pass for thirty years of age, though usually she might seem nearer forty.

ANOTHER novelist, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, has given to the world a small volume, published by Houghton & Osgood, Boston, which she calls "Just How; A Key to the Cook-Books," and her object being "to make a little grammar of cuisine." Keen mother-wit and more than thirty years in housekeeping being her qualification for instructing society on one of the least understood and most important of mundane subjects. We believe that, by closely following her instructions, which are very simple, good cookery can scarcely fail to be the result.

THE tender attachment of Lord Beaconsfield for his wife, and her life-long devotion to her husband, were something beautiful. "They was like a pair of turtle-doves, they was," says the head gardener, as he shows you through the shrubberies, cultivated by her constant care to suit her husband's taste. "They was like that to the last day of their lives. They would spend whole days out here together in the summertime, and it was her delight to take him to see things which she had done to please him unbeknown. If she thought he'd like to have a clearer view of the meadows, she'd have openings cut in the woods. She used to tell me to do it on the quiet, and when it was all done she'd lead him to the spot. Do you see that monnymet yonder on the hill? Well, it's put up in memory of my lord's father, him that wrote the book; and my lady did it all of her own accord. She had the plans made and set the masons to work without



saying a word to him about it; and then she takes him out one fine afternoon, and says he, 'What is that?' 'Let's go and see,' says she, with a smile; and when they got near it, he stood and looked at her for a full minute without speakin' a word. I've heard as how he cried, but not havin' been near enough to see it, I can't say."

"As you listen to this," writes a correspondent of an American paper, "you cannot but call to mind many another story on the same subject equally to the point. Only one need be told. Entering her brougham with him one night to drive down to the House

for a great debate, Mrs. Disraeli had her finger nearly crushed by the slamming of the door. Mr. Disraeli did not notice the accident, in his intense preoccupation of mind, and she made the really heroic resolution that he should not hear of it till he had left the House. He ran over the points of his speech to her, and she listened, only diverting her attention for a moment to make sure that the mutilated finger was well out of sight in the folds of her mantle. She knew that if he had seen it all his powerful aid in the debate would have been lost to his party for that night."

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**A Woman's Word, and How She Kept It.** By Virginia F. Townsend. As this has so recently run through the columns of the HOME MAGAZINE as a serial, most of our readers are probably already familiar with it, and so do not need to be told of its decided merits. But we will observe that it is a story of more than usual power. In the most artistic and most touching manner, it tells how a fair young girl was willing to sacrifice the brightest and best prospect of her life for the sake of the man she loved. Such interest, almost tragic, is excited in her agonizing suspense and long years of waiting, that her final, happy reward seems almost inadequate.

**England through a Back Window.** By J. M. Bailey, the Danbury News Man. As might be expected, looking at England through a back window, is like looking at any other place through a back window—a good way to get a mixture of the true and the ridiculous, at once. The descriptions of the inimitable Danbury News Man, sound accurate and forcible, giving many bits of information not generally found in traveler's tales—yet they are eclipsed by the genuine, unexpected fun rippling throughout, even if he does, in order to be humorous, tell us a few little things that we wish he hadn't. Any one desirous of passing an evening in laughing, may have his wish by reading this book.

**Mother Goose in White.** Illustrated by J. F. Goodridge. Decidedly the prettiest book of nursery-rhymes that we have seen for many a day. Just the thing to please the little ones at Christmas. It contains some of the best known verses of the immortal melodies, each illustrated by spirited, ridiculous pictures, in white silhouettes, on a black ground. Every one is so good that it were unjust to specify—they must all be seen to be appreciated.

**Wordsworth a Study.** By Geo. H. Calvert. A simple, charming account of the life of this poet of nature, an acute and sympathetic analysis of his genius and his poems. We are brought nearer to the everyday thoughts and feelings of this great soul, tender and true, to whom language, loveliness and humanity owe so much, and we feel the wiser and better for it.

**Rock of Ages.** By Augustus Montague Toplady, with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. The beautiful hymn, familiar to us all, appears in a most attractive dress. The binding, the type and the illustrations, not only to the verses of the poem, but

to the appropriate Scripture texts quoted, are perfect. Turning over the leaves we behold a fair succession of things lovely—passion flowers, lilies, ferns, trailing-vine; light streaming into the interior of a dim cathedral; a strong fortress upon an inaccessible crag; hovering, white-winged angels; the cross planted upon a rock, at the foot of which beats the wild wave, while overhead is the rainbow. Altogether, this is a most exquisite gift book.

**Lake Breezes; or, the Cruise of the Sylvia.** By Oliver Optic. Though rather highly-colored, with a few improbable circumstances, and an occasional bungling in the plot, the book is quite entertaining from first to last.

**Select Poems.** By Harvey Rice. While these verses are characterized by no great originality of thought or fancy, they display considerable faith and kindness of feeling, with skill in expression.

**Little Pitchers.** By Sophie May, author of the never-to-be-forgotten "Prudy," "Parlin" and "Dotty Dimple Stories." It belongs to the "Flaxy Frizzle Series," which promises to be in no wise inferior to the charming accounts of Dotty and Prudy, which have delighted thousands of wee ones. The Little Pitchers are a pair of twins—Napoleon Bonaparte, the brunette, and Josephine Bonaparte, the blonde—or, according to the *Earthquake*, Friend Littlefield, simply Napoleon and Josephine; to Dr. Field, "the man with the big eyebushes," Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb; to their own folks, Pollio and Posy. A gay pair they are. They object to being "mumbled" up when they go out, they besiege their "Nunky" in his studio, they learn that the *world walks*, and that God talks "in your heart, right under your pocket." They are only deterred from sending their balloons to Heaven as a present to their little sister Alice, by reflecting that it is on the other side of the moon, *twenty miles away!* Of their separate exploits, probably Pollio's most remarkable one is being overtaken by the "Finny-custies," and Posy's trying to cure her papa of smoking by going to the store and asking for "the worst tobacco you've got!" We forbear, lest we should tell so much as to spoil everything for our little readers. We do hope that dear old Kriss Kingle will be so kind as to slip this cunning little book into a great many stockings before long—they'll stretch plenty wide enough; never fear.

Santa Claus came over from Germany to our country—and so did the Kindergarten system. At this time we know there is a wide-spread interest in

it among mothers—an interest which it well deserves. So we hail anything that will add to their knowledge on the subject, or, better still, bring any of its good points into the homes throughout the land. A very welcome book, then, is "Mother Play and Nursery Songs," by Freiderich Froebel, translated by Misses Fanny L. Dwight and Josephine Jarvis, with an American preface by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, well-known as the lady who introduced the kindergarten into the United States. Comprised within the volume are fifty little songs, with the notes, each one representing the mother as playing with her children, and teaching them many little games and object-lessons. Nearly all are illustrated by marginal pictures, embodying the idea of the song, while at the top of the page is shown the position of the hands. For instance, there is a lay about grandpa and grandma, papa, mamma and baby, accompanying which is a representation of different families of human beings and the lower animals, to be sung by the children, holding up one finger after another to indicate each; a charcoal-burner, the camp in the woods, the hands held together in a point for the tent-like hut. So with a bird's nest, a bridge, a church-steeple. In the back is an elaborate explanation of each subject, and in connection with every one deep, musing, wise reflections, characteristic of the author. The pictures, though sometimes a little grotesque, are striking, even beautiful; the verses, though occasionally a little crude, express valuable thoughts; the music is very sweet; so that we truly believe that, by means of this book, many mothers will find new and effective means of amusement and instruction for their children, either as a good ally to their own resources, or an available reserve after these have become exhausted.

**Ike Partington and His Friends.** By B. P. Shillaber. Brimming over with genuine fun and merriment, we cannot but thank the author for giving us, through this volume, the opportunity to contemplate the exceedingly droll yet exceedingly natural doings of this lively "Human Boy," and we believe that other human boys of our acquaintance will heartily join us. We might be the least bit afraid that the perusal of the book could suggest some naughty tricks to many of our little men, were it not that the gay performances of Ike and his friends are in no sense characterized by willful, malicious mischief, are no worse than may be known to any healthy boy without prompting, and that the moral tone is good. Mrs. Partington appears just the same blundering, kind-hearted old lady we have always known her.

**Young Folks' Opera; or, Child Life in Song.** By Elizabeth P. Goodrich. Here is a work which we hope will be hailed with pleasure by mothers, elder sisters and teachers. In the home and the infant-school, it will, we are sure, prove a useful friend, containing, as it does, pieces just suited for recreation and for children's parties and concerts. It is made up of about thirty little songs, each one of special interest, many of them being sung in connection with motion and imitation. Such are "The Iron Horse," "The Clock," "The Needle," and "The Fife and Drum." Plays are represented in "Counting Out for Tag" and "Soap Bubbles," while for winter evenings there is a spirited "March," and for bed-time, "Good-Night, Mrs. Moon." In short, it is a treasury of laughter, amusement, music and object-lessons. The mechanical execution is beautiful, the verses and airs, with accompaniments, being printed on fine, tinted paper, and every song illus-

trated with pretty, conventional decorations and exquisite wood engravings.

**Burying the Hatchet.** By Elijah Kellogg. Being one of the Forest Glen Series. Some minds seem to require exciting stories; hence the popularity among our growing youth of tales of the frontier. It is very well to say to young readers of such literature that they should desire something better—but upon the ears of many such advice falls unheeded—tales of adventure they must have, or nothing at all. The best plan to pursue, in such a case, is, first, to give a boy the best of what he will read, and then gradually lead him upward, by continuously substituting fiction of a higher character, this in turn preparing the way for another step. If an Indian story is the only thing that will do, we recommend such a one as this, which, while bringing in incidentally savage methods of warfare, gives far greater space to the trials of the early settlers, their dress, their habits, their crude industries, their backwoods prayer-meetings, their earnest desire for peace and improved civilization, with many facts in history, movements of armies, local geography, and a variety of general information.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**For Percival. A Novel.** As novels go, this anonymous one is good, but not extraordinary. It has about the usual array of idle young men, desired by more women than can rightfully have them, and of a superabundance of nothing-special lovers hovering about one lady, with, of course, the rich old man, a disinherited son, an unjust will, and the inevitable minor adjuncts of a bold young woman, a scheming widow, and an impecunious young fellow who runs away with an heiress. The scene, as may be inferred, is laid among the English, untitled, do-nothing class. All this machinery, however, is hung together by a slight thread of interest, the language and descriptions are good, and some of the incidents are striking and pathetic. We cannot repress a feeling of tenderness for the delicate girl who did wrong and died early, and we are glad to see one of the aristocratic idlers go to work, though we cannot fail to forget his better qualities in contemplating his little depth of heart.

**It is the Fashion.** Translated from the German of Adelheid Von Auer. In a series of quiet letters from a very sensible, very lovely lady, to a friend in the country, we have a succession of striking pictures, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes painful, of the domestic life of an interesting, yet badly-trained family, whose sole ambition is to keep up a fashionable appearance at any cost. The style is natural and entertaining, the characters are distinct and life-like, the moral, a strong protest against unreasonable conventionalities, is clearly shown in no disagreeable, repelling manner, and as a whole, the book is well worthy a careful perusal.

**Angelo, the Circus Boy.** By Frank Sewall. Original, striking, touching and pathetic, we may well pronounce this simple story widely different from the majority of juvenile books. It shows how temptation may come to us under any circumstances and in places, seemingly safe; how bitterly we will be compelled to repent of wrong-doing, and yet, how good is wrought out of evil, and that real beauty and nobility of human character may be found everywhere. Above all, may be seen the indelible permanence of early impressions for truth and loveli-

ness resisting all contamination of evil. As a work of interest and merit, we commend this little narrative to our readers.

FROM HOLBROOK & CO., NEW YORK.

**Hygiene of the Brain.** By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. In a clear, simple style, the author gives some valuable hints on the care of the nervous system, supplementing his work with letters from many of the leading writers and thinkers of the day. To have a healthy brain, one must be careful to secure proper food, sleep and exercise, give special attention to bathing, ventilation and rest, and overcome any tendency to mental anxiety.

FROM THE PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
BOSTON.

**Songs, Legends and Ballads.** By John Boyle O'Reilly. To say that this book contributes highly to our pleasure, is to say little. Throughout nearly all the songs and ballads, there is a considerable display of fancy, and the old legends appear in a most attractive dress. But it is in his Australian poems, especially, that Mr. O'Reilly displays both a fine descriptive and a creative genius; his bold originality claiming for him full recognition as the Bret Harte of the southern hemisphere. Of these last poems, "The King of Vasse," and "The

Dukite Snake," at least, are worthy to endure as long as the language.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO., NEW YORK.

**How to Read.** By Amelie V. Petit. A very useful little hand-book, giving a great amount of interesting information regarding the best writers, ancient and modern, judicious criticisms upon their works, and classified lists of valuable books for small libraries. While all may gather helpful hints from its pages, it seems especially adapted to those who, having little education as a foundation, desire to attain to a liberal culture.

FROM GARRIGUES BROS., PHILA.

**Willie Duncan.** By Miss Kringle. A very pretty, well-sustained, religious story, suitable for a Sunday-school library. We admire exceedingly frank, industrious, Willie; sturdy, honest Big Mike; stately, generous Mr. Macdonald, and scholarly Mr. Raymond, while all the minor *dramatis personæ* are also estimable. But we cannot help thinking that many of the incidents forming the plot sound manufactured and improbable, even sensational. Still, the lesson taught is not weakened thereby—a lesson of child-like trustful dependence upon our Heavenly Father.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

**W**INTER fashions have now assumed a definite form. An abundance of bright color is the most striking characteristic. Nearly all the bonnets are trimmed with some red, in the shape of loops and bows of satin ribbon, bands and borders of velvet and plush, and gay-bordered silk scarfs, in the different shades of magenta, cardinal, maroon and cherry. Gold appears in abundance in braids, and butterflyes, and pins, and powdered plumes, while garnet is shown in pends and lizards. Breasts and bands of the natural plumage of the most brilliant birds, as peacocks and flamingoes, with their rich, shimmering hues, are mingled with the gorgeous trimmings above described.

Some of the hats, however, especially those of very young ladies, are remarkable for their extreme simplicity of arrangement, despite the profusion of color. Little bonnets of felt, in light or dark shades, are often trimmed with merely two or three bows and ribbons to tie under the chin. Felt walking-hats, differing from those of previous seasons in being more round in outline, have wound about the crown a broad scarf, with a woven border of Scotch plaid.

The English walking-jacket is often seen in soft cloths of invisible blue and green, or brown and gold checks. Long seal-skin saques are still worn. Of the long, heavy, mantles, one of the latest and most beautiful is called the Hungarian, having wide, half-sleeves, cut square below.

In dress goods, the same desire for brilliancy is seen as in bonnets. In place of the dark, subdued shades worn within the last few years, we have garnet, plum, olive and myrtle green. Satin is once more a fashionable material for trimming, and in pipings

and facings it is often used upon elaborate costumes. For the making up of the materials of this season, the same favorite styles of basques, and overskirts, and polonaises seem generally to hold sway. We have, however, a new, picturesque pattern for the last garment, called the Trianon. The upper part fits closely until within a considerable distance below the waist-line, and the skirt part is lined with a contrasting material, and is caught back over the tournure, the effect produced by the revers, displaying the dress skirt, and meeting over the bouffant back, being very pretty. This is a good design by which to remodel an old polonaise.

Short skirts, entirely clearing the ground, are worn in the street. Suits of lady's cloth are made very plainly, often with an untrimmed underskirt, a long overskirt, and the ever-popular coat and vest, with scarce any garniture, save machine-stitching and buttons, or silk or velvet on the collar, cuffs and pockets.

Speaking of dressmaking, we may here remark on a modification or two of old habits. Dress-sleeves are not corded now, but are stitched directly into the armholes. The cross-seam from the dart to the side-form no longer appears, the waist being fitted by a third dart running up and down, directly under the arm.

Brettonne lace is the style now for trimmings, and ruchings and jabots of itself and loops of ribbon. This is simply white net, with the pattern darned in. The latest neckties are broad scarfs of white crape or muslin, embroidered with pale silk, or finished at the ends with pleatings of the lace. The mania for gay colors does not extend to gloves—nothing is more loud than those in pronounced hues—so the new ones are in neutral tints which will harmonize with the bright bonnets and dresses.

## Notes and Comments.

### American Girls in England.

**A** LONDON correspondent of one of our papers says: "You would be surprised to see the number of Americans who have engaged rooms for the winter at the Langham and other London hotels. The thing is most unusual, because generally Americans who winter abroad go to Nice or Florence, or 'do' Egypt. But now nothing can make them budge from London, and girls who, on a former trip, hated the sight of London, and could not get out of the smoky old place fast enough, and on to Paris, now assure me that they think London the loveliest place in the world, just quite too nice for anything, and far superior to the continent in every respect, especially society."

Said correspondent declares that this new fancy for London, grows out of the fact that a "passion for marrying American girls has developed into a regular craze with the English nobility," and that our fair damsels and their mammas are going to make the best of the "craze" while it lasts, and secure noble alliances, if possible. "Formerly," remarks this writer, "a man of high birth never dreamed of linking himself to a woman of rank less exalted than his own, and that rule still holds good in regard to English girls. But as regards those beautiful Americans, the best, and richest, and prettiest of them having no birth, rank is a matter quite out of the question. The American girls were never born, they grewed."

While we congratulate the native nobleman of our own country in their escape from the wiles of many of these fair damsels and their ambitious mammas, we cannot help feeling a touch of pity for the aristocratic victims of matrimonial speculation who may happen to be caught by their blandishments. Happy marriages rarely if ever come from these ill-assorted alliances.

How some of our American girls deport themselves abroad, and what kind of an impression they make, may be inferred from this bit of satire from a book of English rhymes:

"L' Americaine! You may say that her manners  
Are free, that she brags, talks loud and bounces,  
Yet all the sweet scents of her own bright Savannas  
Come out of her ribbons, her ringlets and flounces.

"Say that her nice nasal tone's an offense, or  
The way that she flirts is a tempting of fate—  
Well, then, go and dine, Immaculate Censor,  
Dine at the Langham at eight!

"There you will find them all, dear 'country cousins,'  
Outshining native-bred spouses and sisters,  
Flirting and eating, and chatting by dozens,  
Their adjectives plain, their appetites—twisters.

"Outrees their dresses, outrageous, delightful,  
Making our women folk wither with hate,  
If you'd think all Bond Street dowdy and frightful,  
Dine at the Langham at eight."

The picture is neither a pleasant nor a creditable one. But these women only represent a class; and are not to be taken as the type of our true American lady, who, while she may be less conventional in her manners than women of the higher classes in England and on the continent is as truly refined and as free from the boldness and vulgarity which are here satirized.

### Drawing.

**A** MONG the many accomplishments generally accredited desirable, drawing stands pre-eminent. As a useful acquirement, available at many times, it receives its full share of regard; as an elegant pursuit, capable of yielding untold pleasure, it is sufficiently esteemed.

And yet, whether as an instrument or an ornament, an accurate knowledge of drawing is not so widely spread as we might wish. There may be many causes, but the chief one, no doubt, is misapprehension of what it really means to draw well, and how one may succeed in doing so.

"Any one who can learn to write can learn to draw," says Platt R. Spencer, author of the "Spencerian System of Penmanship." And we believe this to be true. Let every young person fully believe that no special talent is necessary, but that patience and perseverance are, to a degree, merit, and with confidence in himself will come a certain skill, which, properly cultivated, may prove to be a valuable gift.

Surely, it requires no great amount of artistic ability to draw a straight or a curved line, and practice will soon show a satisfactory result. To copy from a picture or from nature, requires only a succession of lines, their relative length and position and the shading requiring study for which one's own observation is the best teacher, but which need not be extraordinary in amount. Let our boys give as much thought to their drawing as they do to their base-ball, and our girls as they do to their frizzes, and it will not be long before our youth will be able to express their thoughts by the pencil almost as well as by the pen.

We refer now, of course, to ordinary drawing—the interpretation of nature holding the same relation to high art as the usual interpretation of music holds to the classic performances of a Rubenstein. But, even with more ambitious efforts, the way is not so difficult as is generally supposed. The technical rules are not numerous nor abstruse. Success depends entirely upon the draughtsman himself, and far more upon his energy than upon his genius.

It is an old saying that no one knows what he can do until he tries. Were drawing a part of every child's education, as writing is, after a few attempts many a one would find that this was his forte, while, under the usual state of things, he might never find his buried talent. Or, if he discovered no such aptitude, he would scarce fail to perceive in himself a growing appreciation for whatever is lovely. The eyes of all would be opened to the real shapes and proportions of even the commonest things, while the sensibilities would be quickened to the exquisite forms and rich colors of nature, and, as an inevitable consequence, the hearts of the multitude would be subdued, chastened, refined and elevated. So a high tone of culture and purity would prevail, for art would receive a mighty impetus and a universal love, while even in humble places the true and the beautiful would be known and cherished.

**A FARMER'S PAPER.**—We ask attention to the card of *The Practical Farmer* in this number of our magazine, and recommend it as one of the oldest and most valuable agricultural and family papers of the country.



## Sad and Disgraceful.

THE New York City "Commissioners of Charities and Corrections" report, that *fifty thousand* persons are annually discharged from the institutions under their care and left at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River. A large proportion of these are convalescents from the hospitals, exhausted by disease and suffering, and requiring a stimulating nourishment of some kind. "Upon the three first squares there are," it is stated, "between thirty and forty liquor saloons, which at almost every step offer an attraction totally beyond the power of these poor creatures to resist. Many are returned immediately; not, it is true, to the hospital wards, but to the restraint of some neighboring asylum; and this rotation continues until the deterioration is so complete that the man, lost to all self-respect, sinks almost to the brute level, and becomes a confirmed pauper, fastening himself like a leech upon the city's charities."

Could anything be sadder than this, or more disgraceful to a so-called Christian community? Think of it! A city, in a Christian country, selling to five or six thousand of its citizens, most of them of the worst class, the right to make paupers and criminals, and to scatter broadcast among the people sickness, sorrow, misery and death!

How faithfully their evil work is done, may be seen in the fact that, year by year, fifty thousand of their poor victims are sent to the public hospitals and institutions of reform and correction, to say nothing of the many thousands who, for desperate crimes, are lodged in prison! And, as if in league with their enemies, and to give these wretched victims no possible chance of final escape, the "Commissioners of Charities and Corrections" take their discharged convalescents to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, and abandon them to the tender mercies of the saloon-keepers who crowd that neighborhood.

If New York were alone guilty in this thing, the whole land might well lift its hands in horror and execration. But where shall we find, except in one or two States of our Union, a single city that does not share in her guilt and shame?

A pure and learned Hindoo, Baboo Chunder Sen, on studying Christianity as it is found set forth in the Gospels of our Lord, was filled with admiration for the precepts of our holy religion, and with a profound and loving admiration for the character of Christ. He went to England to study the people, their institutions, their lives and their characters, and to compare these with the high, noble and unselfish claims of the Christian religion. Alas for his disappointment! He was forced to the conclusion that "England was not yet a Christian nation."

If Chunder Sen, or any other honest and intelligent heathen were to come to America and study our people, our government and our social and civil life, would the verdict be any different in our case? We think not.

## Insects and Flowers.

IT has long been known that wherever flowers are, insects abound, and are attracted to them by their bright color, and delicate perfume, and secreted nectar. Early was it observed that busy bees and brilliant butterflies flitted about, regaling themselves with abundant sweets during the delicious season of floral beauty. But it has been left for observers of these later days to discover that not only are flowers necessary to insects for their sustenance, but that

insects are necessary to flowers for their fertilization.

Many reasons are there for this belief. We may readily understand that a little winged visitor, entering a gayly-tinted resting-place, would soon have his little body completely freighted with yellow pollen, which, in his subsequent journeyings, he would scatter in many places, so that a far greater number of blossoms would be fertilized, and more richly, too, than if left to themselves, unaided, except for chance agitations of the winds. This would be true of ordinary flowers, but in certain orders, as those which are monœcious and dioecious, as well as the vast family of orchids, insect agency seems, from the argument of structure, absolutely necessary.

It has often been noted that, with the growth of cities, flowers which were once indigenous to a district disappear from the suburbs. It is now believed that it is not so much that the plants themselves are unable longer to live, but that the smoke and dust kill off the insects, so interfering with cross-fertilization, the consequence of which is that the plants deteriorate and finally die out.

Certain natives of the tropics, when removed to temperate regions, seem to flourish well in the changed climate, and bear flowers. But these very often do not produce fruit because certain insects are absent. The yucca, for instance, blossoms beautifully in our country, but it is never fertile, because it is dependent upon one little moth which cannot live in the North.

The shapes and characteristics of certain flowers, as regards their flying friends, is also an interesting study. For instance, the long, tubular blooms of the honeysuckle invite only those insects having long mouth-organs, and as these fly mostly in the darkness, we may note that the odor is heaviest at night. Orchids, most dependent of all, have the most fantastic of forms many of them resembling insects themselves. It has been noted that blossoms remarkable for brilliancy of coloring are deficient in scent, and *vice versa*; probably one reason for this is, that the bright corolla is alone sufficient to draw insects, as is also the perfume, so that not always are both attractions necessary in one flower.

These few considerations open up a train of inquiry which may be profitably followed by those having leisure and inclination. And as we note the snowy moth, the mottled butterfly and the gold-banded bee, with the winged wanderer in plainer guise, fluttering from corolla to blossom, from bell to petal, we may well believe that never, in the wide domain of nature, will fields for research be exhausted.

THE CLEAN NEWSPAPER.—We would call the attention of our readers, especially parents who have children old enough to begin to read the news of the day, to the advertisement of the *Cincinnati Weekly Times*. It commends itself to their consideration as a family paper that excludes everything that has a tendency to lead the young into the temptations of the saloon, the company of the dissolute and immoral. There are so few papers of this class nowadays, that those publishers who have the resolution to withstand the current of popular taste, and issue a *clean newspaper*, should be sustained by all moral and pure-minded men.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, published in this city by M. Y. Hough, 706 Arch Street, is a handsome magazine, and thoroughly pure and good. The publisher offers an attractive premium. Send for a specimen number.

## Publishers' Department.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

Our readers can hardly have failed to notice the improved appearance and superior attractions of the HOME MAGAZINE during the past year. In beauty of typography and illustration, and in real interest and value, it will bear favorable comparison with the most popular periodicals in the country.

For the coming year, we give our subscribers a still more attractive and beautiful magazine. A reference to our Prospectus will show what a varied feast of good things we have prepared for their enjoyment; and they have learned to know that we not only keep our promises to the letter, but give even more than we promise; and they know how steadily improvement has gone on from year to year, and how each new volume has been better than the last.

As we said in our December number, our aim has been to establish a periodical that should meet the wants of those to whom life is something more than a mere pastime; of those who have the common needs, and aspirations, and weaknesses, and trials of humanity; to whom we might come, not only with pleasant thoughts and pure, sweet fancies, but with help, instruction and comfort.

Steadily, from the commencement, have we held to this purpose in the HOME MAGAZINE, studying to improve it year by year, and to bring it nearer to the common life and interests of the people. It does not reflect fashionable society; is not an organ of the *élite*; and has no sympathy with literary dilettanteism. While ignoring the frivolous, the aimless and the vicious, and everything that can depress public morals, or make light of virtue, it gives its readers, month after month, a literary entertainment that is rich, and varied, and full of delight and refreshment.

For interest, excellence and typographical beauty, and for all that goes to make up a magazine for the people, we claim a position among the less costly periodicals corresponding to that which is claimed by *Scribner* among the dearer and more ambitious literary monthlies; and our readers may be sure that we shall do the best that is in us to maintain that advanced position.

**A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.**—The *Youth's Companion* of Boston employs the same writers as the best English and American magazines, and no other publication for the family furnishes so much entertainment and instruction of a superior order for so low a price. Among its contributors are Dinah Muloch Craik, Miss Yonge, J. T. Trowbridge, Louisa M. Alcott, Henry W. Longfellow, A. S. T. Whitney, John G. Whittier and nearly fifty of the best story-writers.

Be sure and read the advertisement of Dr. Chase's Recipes in this magazine.

### WHAT IS SAID BY PATIENTS WHO HAVE USED THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

In addition to the many testimonials offered in our Brochure and Circulars, we offer a few extracts from the large number of letters which we are constantly receiving from patients who have used the "Compound Oxygen Treatment." If in any case a desire should be felt to communicate with the writer, we will, on application, furnish the proper address. All the letters from which these extracts have been made are of very recent date:—

A lady officer of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Norfolk, Virginia, writes: "My improvement is wonderful, though slow. I have gained in flesh, and they say that I appear twenty years younger. With most grateful thanks, and the wish that I could spread the reputation of your wonderful agent, I am, etc."

A gentleman in Orange, N. J., says: "It is now two months since I received your Compound Oxygen for my wife. As I stated, on ordering it, I considered her lungs too far gone to effect a radical cure, but believed it would make her more comfortable, and to some extent prolong her life. I am agreeably disappointed. She has improved so much that I have now strong hopes that she will be completely cured. Her appetite never was better. She is gaining in flesh, and has increased in strength. Her cough is much less, and there is left only a little soreness in one lung."

From Peterborough, Ontario, Canada, J—C—, writes: "I have nearly finished the Home Treatment, and can truly say, that I never had anything yet in the shape of a remedy that gave me so much satisfaction."

Miss E—O. P—, Cardington, Ohio, says: "Although still far from being well, yet I have great reason to be thankful for the benefit received from your Treatment. My constitutional vigor is greater; my nerves more quiet and steady; my brain, although by no means wholly relieved as to suffering, yet very much ameliorated, and the mental powers increased as to clearness, and steadiness, and force."

Rev. O. A. R—, Richburg, New York, says: "I am so much better than I was, that I am a 'living epistle.' I cannot say too much in praise of your wonderful discovery."

Miss A. A. B—, Alameda, California, says: "My improvement has been so marked, that quite a number are thinking of sending for it. \* \* \* I am a walking advertisement for you."

In a letter, September 24th, 1878, she says: "I am well and happy, thanks to you, through the Divine Providence."

A lady in Michigan writes: "I have only pleasant news for you. My health has been slowly but surely improving, and under very discouraging circumstances. I began the treatment a little over a month ago—I then weighed eighty-five pounds. I now weigh eighty-nine and a half. I feel in better spirits, and have an astonishing appetite."

Our Treatise [200 pp.] on Compound Oxygen, its mode of action and results, to which are appended a large number of testimonials to most remarkable res, will be sent FREE BY MAIL to all who write to us for it. Address, DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

# Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE No. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—This neat costume is composed of a skirt, basque and coat, made of plain wool suit goods, *matelassé* and velvet. The skirt is very narrow

years of age. The model is No. 6402, and costs 25 cents.

The coat may be seen upon page 2 of the present

issue and is one of the most fashionable shapes in use. It closes diagonally below the bust for a short distance, and is then cut away in the usual style to show the vest, which is notched in the bottom and secured by button-holes and buttons. The vest is nearly as long as the coat front and is fitted gracefully but not too snugly, by means of a single bust dart on each side. It is made of the *matelassé*, and its joining with the coat is made at the shoulder and under-arm seams. Single bust darts also secure the adjustment of the coat-fronts, which are turned back in lapels to show the top of the vest. The lapels are faced to the button-holes along the edge with *matelassé*, while the collar is entirely covered with velvet. The cuff-facings on the sleeves are arranged to correspond, being two-thirds *matelassé* and one-third velvet, with the *matelassé* commencing at the wrist. Square pockets on the sides are harmonizingly made of velvet and *matelassé*, and all the edges of the vest and coat are bound with silk braid. Coats of this style are suitable wraps for mis-



FIGURE No. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

A basque, buttoned in the back and made with a *matelassé* vest-facing, collar and cuffs, is worn with the skirt and is concealed on the street by the coat which completes the costume. Its adjustment is produced by curved closing edges in the back, a side-front gore whose joining to the center-front terminates near the top of the shoulder seam, and under-arm and side-back gores, all of whose seams terminate in the arms-eyes. The basque is rounding at its lower edge and is quite deep, falling some distance over the hips. The center-front is of the *matelassé*, and a lapel collar of the same extends from the top of the closing edges down the side-front seam, terminating just below the bust. The sleeves are finished with a deep cuff-facing of the *matelassé*. The model is one of the prettiest issued this season, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15

years of age, and costs 30 cents in any size. The pattern may be used for cloth, with a vest of velvet, silk, satin or the material; and the edges may be piped, corded or machine-stitched. The pattern is No. 6429, which is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents in any size.

**6421***Front View.***6429***Front View.***6429***Back View.***MISSSES' COAT, WITH VEST.**

No. 6429.—This stylish pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the coat of one fabric for a miss of 12 years, will need  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6421***Back View.***LADIES' SHORT WALKING-SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT.**

No. 6421.—One of the handsomest walking-skirts yet designed is here portrayed. The model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt as illustrated in the present engravings for a lady of medium size, will require  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain goods with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plaid, each 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  of plain goods with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plaid, each 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**6422***Front View.***6425***Front View.***6425***Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 6425.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and calls for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of silk for platings, in making the costume for a girl of 6 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**MISSSES' PANIER COSTUME.**

No. 6422.—This modish costume can be made of any dress fabric, and the trimming may be varied in any way pleasing to the wearer. Flat decorations are however most appropriate, the style illustrated being one of the most fashionable hitherto introduced. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 11 years, will require  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**6422***Back View.*



**6426***Front View.***6426***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 6426.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age and is much admired for children's wear at school or at home. For a child of 5 years, the construction of the costume will need 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6430***Front View.***LADIES' DEEP BASQUE, WITH VEST.**

No. 6430.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque from a single material for a lady of medium size, will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6424***Front View.***6424***Back View.***CHILD'S COAT.**

No. 6424.—The engravings picture a pretty little garment made of suit goods. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the coat as pictured for a child of 4 years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6433***Front View.***6420***Front View.***6420***Back View.***MISSSES' CLOAK, WITH MUFF.**

No. 6420.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6433***Back View.***LADIES' PANIER POLONAISE.**

No. 6433.—This very novel and elegant polonaise may be made of any of the suitings in vogue, and trimmed as the taste dictates. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, will require  $11\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, each with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of brocade 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—LADY DOLLS' WALKING COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—The costume illustrated is made of cashmere. It was cut by the patterns found in Set No. 24, which is adapted to any material and is in 7 sizes for lady dolls from 12 to 24 inches in length. To make the costume for a doll whose length is 22 inches,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide will be required. Price of Set, 20 cents.



FIGURE No. 3.—LADY DOLLS' WALKING COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This stylish costume consists of three garments; a skirt, over-skirt, and basque. The patterns are found in Set No. 25, which is in 7 sizes for lady dolls from 12 to 24 inches in length. To make the suit for a doll 22 inches in length, will require  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide. Price of Set, 25 cents.



FIGURE No. 4.—LADY DOLLS' EVENING TOILETTE.

FIGURE No. 4.—The patterns for this basque and skirt are included in Set No. 26, which also includes a wrap, and is in 7 sizes for lady dolls from 12 to 24 inches tall. In making the Set for a doll 22 inches tall,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide will be required. Price of Set, 25 cents.



FIGURE No. 5.—LADY DOLLS' OPERA COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 5.—The skirt and basque forming the evening toilette at Figure No. 4 are here illustrated in different materials. Set No. 26, comprising them and the wrap pattern, is in 7 sizes for lady dolls from 12 to 24 inches tall. To make the Set of one material 22 inches wide for a doll 22 inches tall,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards are needed. Price of Set, 25 cents.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





CONSIDER THE LILIES.



